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NEWS & VIEWS

Vale, Sisyphus

For *Commonweal*'s Sisyphus, that tortuous rock has rolled back down the hill for the last time. He died at his home in Bethesda, Md., on June 22, the victim of a brain tumor unmanageable by surgery. It was a sad end. He was 54.

Sisyphus was A. Wesley Barthelmes, Jr.—Wes Barthelmes—and from 1969 until his operation two months ago he appeared regularly in these pages. He dropped his formal byline and switched to Sisyphus when he began writing the Washington Report column on Nov. 23, 1973. It was his *Commonweal* signature to his last appearance in print—the May 7, 1976 issue.

So now the guessing game of Sisyphus' identity is over—although it never should have been much of a guessing game in the first place. So many phrases and ideas from Sisyphus' Washington Reports were cropping up in the *Congressional Record* on the lips of another that it should not have been difficult to trace the source.

The Nixon Administration, of course, made it its business to know, and one day Wes Barthelmes received the inevitable and ostensibly innocent visit from officials of a creep federal agency to say that if they could ever help in any way, well just say the word. Wes wasn't intimidated.

Wes Barthelmes didn't want a pseudonym any more than we at *Commonweal* wanted him to use it. He felt it necessary, lest he should ever appear to compromise or trade upon his "boss." Wes was Administrative Assistant to Senator Joseph R. Biden, Jr., of Delaware. Biden never pressed the issue, and actually had no objection to Wes using his own name. The sensitivity was Wes'.

In so many ways it was characteristic of him. He was a selfless guy, and so many of the best things he did were anonymous or, more particularly, for the byline or for articulation by those on whose staff he served. Before Biden, they included Representative Edith Green of Oregon, Senator Robert Kennedy (for whom he worked as press secretary), Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri, Senator Frank Church of Idaho.

Bolling illustrates my point in the acknowledgements section of *Power in the House* (Dutton, 1968), the second of two books on the House of Representatives that Wes helped him write. (The other was *House Out of Order*; Dutton, 1966.) "Another friend of long standing . . . did the late evening writing, in contrast to my early morning habits," Bolling wrote. "It is hard to say which words are his and which mine. Once again, there would be no book without Wes."

Washingtonion magazine knew his worth, and recently rated him among the top five Senatorial aides on Capitol Hill.

For *Commonweal*, the death of Wes Barthelmes is a real publishing loss. He was one of the finest in the magazine's history of outstanding columnists, a fact underscored by the Catholic Press Association. In 1975 it awarded him its prize for the best column of opinion appearing in a Catholic journal.

For me the loss is a personal one as well. Wes Barthelmes and I broke into newspapering together at the *Worcester Telegram* back in the early 1950s. Our stint as colleagues was relatively brief. He went on to the *Washington Post*; I to religious journalism. There were years of silence, then the moving finger that writes effected a reunion through *Commonweal*. It was one of the happy things to happen in middle age, but we both should have been forewarned. Middle age is also when corners are turned the most suddenly.

George Eliot & 1980

Henry James made it into Westminster Abbey on June 17, a stone commemorating his memory being unveiled in the floor of the Poet's Corner, next to those of T.S. Eliot and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

No one would have approved more than James. He was given to calling himself "the observant stranger," but he was actually the classic expatriate Anglophile: as British as the Union Jack. The only complaint James would likely lodge, were he able, would be over the delay of 60 years in getting him into Westminster. After all, Eliot died only in 1964.

Ah, but there are those who waited longer to make it into the heaven-haven for writers in the English language—Hopkins, for one; he died in 1889 and had to wait until 1975. And there are those who are waiting yet. Like George Eliot. She died in 1880, and the decision has never been reversed by which she was denied entry nine decades ago. It was based, it will be recalled, on the "moral stigma" of her union outside marriage with George Henry Lewes.

The George Eliot Fellowship is determined that this "century-old injustice to a great English writer shall be redressed," and has launched in England a campaign to gain a place in Westminister Abbey for Mary Ann Evans, the Warwickshire-born girl who achieved fame as George Eliot.

The Fellowship is aiming for December, 1980, the 100th anniversary of George Eliot's death, as a rehabilitation date. It is also looking for funds, although this would seem to be the lesser of problems. The cost of placing a stone in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey is a modest £2,000, and of this £1,000 already has been raised.

Moral support might be needed more.

Support of any kind can be channeled through Mrs. E. Lenton of the George Eliot Fellowship, 150 Attleborough Road, Nuneaton, CV11 4JW, England. Checks should be made out to the George Eliot Fellowship, and will be acknowledged.

Intimate Workshop

The fifth Intimate Community Workshop, which aims to take the techniques that come out of the personal growth and therapeutic disciplines and make them available to ordinary people to help them run their households, will be held July 30-August 14 at Marist Hall in Cold Spring, N.Y.

Practical dimension of the workshop is exploration of how homes and communities can better help in providing for human needs, not excluding those of children, the aged, and the emotionally and physically handicapped.

Weekends will feature lectures and discussions headed by Thomas Berry of the Riverside Center of Religious Research; Brewster Beach of Wainwright House in Rye, N.Y.; Sister Mary Evelyn Jegen of Bread for the World; Father Daniel Berrigan, and Clare Danielsson, coordinator of Intimate Community Workshop.

The workshop is limited to 40 participants, and there is a requested donation. Advance registration is necessary. Information may be had from Clare Danielsson at 259 Wolcott Ave., Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

Odds and Ends

—From a neighborhood newspaper in Syracuse, N.Y., this classified ad: "MISSING since May 5th from Wente Terrace. Silver/gray striped female kitty—about 1 yr. old. Named 'The Little Flower of Jesus.' Reward. HO 9-4184."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Special Delivery

Saxton's River, Vt.

To the Editors: Early summer heat waves do get to all of us, readers, writers, publishers. This reader found the editorial on the postal system [June 18] a bit crypto-rambling for an important message. If it means what I think, that our government should get going to restore a federal post office department as public service, which was provided in the Constitution; and stop tinkering with a non-profit, federally funded, insanely expensive business operation, the message is important and informative. It makes a nice fact sheet for people who won't pressure Congress on an issue they "don't understand enough about."

But dear *Commonweal,* please never, ever again let that noxious old bromide about Topsy's growth get by your editorial blue pencil. MARJORIE MURPHY

Stopping the Torture

Conshohocken, Pa.

To the Editors: Abigail McCarthy brings up an issue which very much needs to be discussed in her article on "Complicity in Torture" [Mar. 26]. As she suggests, each of us bears a responsibility for permitting this to happen, particularly in countries to which we give a great deal of money and have many investments. I believe we should all put pressure on our senators, representatives and the State Dept. to stop giving aid to countries which engage in these practices. Surely we have been remiss in not learning more about these situations and working harder to stop them.

I do not wish to avoid the personal responsibility, but I think we learned in the Vietnam war that the "people" have a very hard time convincing our leaders to change their method of operation. Mrs. McCarthy suggests no way in which change can be achieved. I believe the heavier burden of

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THE DOMESTIC STAKES

Voters stayed away from the polls in droves during the just-concluded primaries, as they have in all recent elections. The reason, many of them say, is that they see no real difference between the parties. It is our hope that Jimmy Carter will spell out his positions with more specificity in the months ahead, thus making plain the differences between the parties, and that he and the Republican candidate will win the attention of the American voters with a serious discussion of the issues that confront the nation. Nevertheless, even as matters now stand, the domestic differences between the two major parties are real enough; the voter is not in fact confronted with a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Consider, as one good example of these differences between the parties, the recent domestic proposals made by the Democratic majority in the House. What was called for by the Democrats was nothing less than a dramatic realignment of legislative priorities for the next five years, with the aim of restoring national economic prosperity by creating 12 million new jobs and cutting taxes by $10 billion. The program put forward by the majority in the House is based on the idea of a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress working together beginning next year. The reason is obvious: this year saw a record-breaking number of vetoes by the Republican President of all sorts of social measures passed by Congress; in fact, in the last eight years two GOP Presidents have vetoed 86 pieces of legislation developed by Democratic Congresses. The goal of the proposed Democratic program: a revitalized economy that would produce federal budget surpluses by 1980, surpluses that would in turn be invested in health, educational, energy and environmental programs. Included would be the Hawkins-Humphrey full employment bill to reduce unemployment to 3 percent by 1981; enactment of a $10 billion tax cut effective July 1978 that

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would be structured to give the most relief to low-income and middle-income workers; increasing federal revenues by plugging up fat-cat loopholes in the tax laws; offering low-interest loans and tax incentives to small businesses to make them more competitive with large corporations. All this is not just "pie in the sky" promises; according to the *New York Times*, reputable economists insist that the program makes good economic sense.

Whatever shape the presidential campaign takes, on questions like these there is a real difference between the two major parties. On economic matters, the GOP is willing to combat inflation but essentially is still committed to a do-nothing role for government; the Democrats, on the other hand, favor a more positive and vigorous role for Washington. On domestic questions, the choice between these two economic philosophies is the basic decision the voter must make. Other issues will arise, but on this we know where we stand: when it comes to jobs and economic well-being, we do not share the currently fashionable view that less is more.

WASHINGTON REPORT

BARKING DOG AND PRIVATE AGONY

At this writing there is no peace in Lebanon and there is no prospect of peace. The Syrian incursion, as President Nixon taught us to call neighborly invasions, does not really interpose a peace-keeping force among the three basic warring elements in lacerated Lebanon. It merely adds a fourth. What the joint venture of the other Arab nations in the general geographical area adds is not at all clear, but it is reasonable to suppose it will be more in support of war, one way or another, than in support of peace any way at all. The agony prolongs itself, as Dante remarked in a different connection.

Yet, in the midst of the agony, in the absence of any permanent hope for peace except the kind imposed by absolute force and given the courtesy title of peace, there is one decided sign of hope for ourselves, for the world and even, in the long run, for poor Lebanon. That is the American presence.

The American presence is and almost certainly will remain that of the barking dog in the night of Sherlock Holmes. In case, by some incredible stroke of good fortune, you have been spared any acquaintence with that famed archetype beyond his last year's embodiment by John Wood, the exchange that established the metaphor in the language was roughly as follows: "But Holmes, the dog did *not* bark in the night." "Precisely, my dear Watson." This is what the Americans have done in Lebanon. They did *not* bark in the night. More important, they did not bite. They did not tear anyone to pieces and, foaming at the mouth and howling, rush about the countryside destroying everyone they encountered in order to save them. On the record, indeed on more than the record, on their own declarations, beginning with John Foster Dulles and most memorably in Theodore Sorenson's avowal of his desire to go any distance and bear any burden, all of those canine caprices are exactly what the Americans might have been expected to do. They have done nothing. The American presence in Lebanon is an absence. Even though Richard Helms, the country's most distinguished commander of assassins, burglars and similar technical experts, has been long pre-positioned in the area—and if you wish to believe that Helms is solely performing his decorative duties as ambassador to the Shah of Iran, you are, of course, free so to believe—but even with Helms on the scene, we have not knocked off an important leader on any side.

More significant still, even though Henry Kissinger, on the record by far the most bloodthirsty American officer of government since William Tecumseh Sherman and in scale much more so than Sherman, even though Kissinger remains our Secretary of State, even so, we are not in there, howling in the night, rushing about savagely and tearing flesh from bones to save those lacerated from a fate still worse, which we, if not they, can see so clearly impending. The presence is an absence and the most positive negative since Mies van der Rohe.

How come? On a personal basis, one may speculate that Kissinger, accepting the inevitability of approaching retirement, is trying to alienate no new segments of the academic community, in hopes of landing something a little better tha Chairman of Nixon Studies at Whittier College.

From a Constitutional point of view, on the other hand, it is obvious that, after a long period of practical suspension, the vaunted principle of checks and balances has been restored to the formulation of foreign policy. We are not in Lebanon because Kissinger's employer, Ford, knows in his House of Representatives bones that neither house would stand for it. Congress did haul Kissinger, whining and snarling, out of Indochina at last. Congress did not permit him even a few mini-bombs, a team of Helmsian assassins, in Angola, despite the presumably persuasive presence there of the dread Castro's troops. (Incidentally, the student wishing to understand that Cuban expedition has only to listen to traditional Cuban dance music and then to listen to authentic black African chants and percus-

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sion.) Can one imagaine that in Lebanon, with no Cubas, no Warsaw Pactitioners, no Chinese, not even an Albanian or two, such a Congress would bless any American expeditionary force at all?

The anticipated Congressional intransigence, of course, begs the question as much as does Kissinger's careerist caution. Except in extremely rare cases of rising or sinking to principle, Congress always reflects what it discerns, as best it can, to be the will of the people. Kissinger's restraint, therefore, voluntary or imposed, does reflect what the people's representatives take to be what the people want: no more war, in the first place, no more horsing around in some elaborate way that later turns out to be war after all, no more behaving as if Dean Acheson, Foster Dulles, Dean Rusk, Henry Kissinger, whoever, had the whole world in his hands. Hence, the hope. If the Americans have at last learned that there are other people out there and they really are other people, half the battle, so to speak, for peace, will be won. The other half, getting the Russians to undestand the same thing, is equally important but is not, after all, our job. Our job is the education of Henry Kissinger and it begins to look as if the kid is ready to graduate. Education in his line of work being, to some extent, unavoidably cumulative, there is no question at all but what his successor will start from where Kissinger left off, conceivably even further advanced. It is almost inevitable that four years from now, and quite possible that six months from now, the United States will have a civilized Secretary of State, a foreign minister fit for company, housebroken, safely to be allowed in the living room with the grown-ups, for the first time in a very long time indeed.

Meanwhile, back in Lebanon. Well, back in Lebanon, what they've got there is a civil war with complications. Like all civil wars, this is basically a class war: our own, the new class of northern financial-industrial inteersts against the scarcely less new class of southern Big-Ag; in Spain, the old owners out to recapture political power lost to the working people; and so on. The Lebanese civil war is perceived by those fighting it as an historic rising against social injustice which existed all the time beneath the veneer we all admired as a peaceful living together of dissident elements. The civil war was probably precipitated and certainly aggravated by the presence of a third party in armed strength, the Palestine Liberation Oragnization, an "Army" whose chief military exploits have been carried on against unarmed athletes, civil airline passengers and esspecially little children, Yassir Arafat being the most fearless and successful killer of babies in that part of the world since King Herod. On the basis of his indomitable and implacable baby-killing, Arafat has been accepted as an authentic Arab statesman by other Arab statesman and the PLO as a liberation army by those world leaders who created the "refugees," by calling on Palestinian Arabs to abandon their homes and get out of the way of the latter-day Saladins way back in 1948. This is where the ironies in Lebanon begin to multiply beyond counting.

The Syrians, for example, who were one of the major creators of the refugees in the belief that the Jews would soon be exterminated, are now in arms against their own creation. The Syrian interest is simple enough: when the French owned Syria, Lebanon was part of Syria. If Syria is to be free and independent, why should Lebanon be separated? Hence, once more into the breach and seize again what was once, if not exactly ours, at least the property of the same people who owned us. There is a logic in there somewhere.

In passing, it is worth noting that it is utterly unbelievable that the Syrians could have made move without in some manner, however surreptitiously and indirectly, having cleared it with the Israelis.

Next, the whole bunch. It is impossible for anyone on the outside to figure out what the Arab consortium is up to in Lebanon because nobody on the inside knows. One obvious motive is to keep Syria from seizing the crown of primacy owned by Egypt when Nasser was jumping around over there. Another is to get the PLO back into the puppet status is was assumed to have when the Arab states created it. Things, in short, are out of hand and there seems to be no reasonable prospect of their getting back in hand for some time.

But if one thing is perfectly clear in all the confusion it is that the Soviet Union has no demonstrable interest in all this whatever. On historic anti-Semitic principle, the USSR is anti-Israel, but Israel is not a live issue in the current confusion. What all those Arab states and factions are doing is shooting one another up because they enjoy shooting one another up, or, to phrase it more politely, they are fighting for freedom from one another because it is one another who chiefly threaten the freedom of all of them. No one involved is aiming at turning Lebanon into a launching pad for Soviet adventures against the United States or even against the Sixth. Fleet.

In sum, Lebanon is a private agony, a status which flies in the face of the wisdom of every American Secretary of State from Acheson to Kissinger. According to all those officials, there could be no such thing as a private agony. If some Macedonian sheepherder on a misty mountain-top broke wind, it had to mean something in the great struggle for the hearts and minds of the world: that poor sheepherder was either farting with us or against us. In either case, massive, defensive action had to be taken, foreign officials bribed, missiles deployed, giant arms contracts let, the works.

If, as appears in Lebanon, we have now got beyond that, it is too bad it is so late, it is better late than never, and while it will not bring peace to the world, it can make the world's private agonies rather less terrible and that is no small contribution.

FRANK GETLEIN

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CARTER AND A PURITAN FATHER

PETER STEINFELS

"Thus stands the cause betweene God and us. Wee are entered into Covenant with him for this worke. . . . If wee shall neglect the observacion of these Articles which are the ends wee have propounded, . . . the Lord will surely breake out in wrathe against us, be revenged of such a perjured people and make us knowe the price of the breache of such a Covenant.

"Now the onely way to avoyde this shipwracke and to provide for our posterity is to followe the Counsell of Micah, to doe Justly, to love mercy, to walke humbly with our God. For this end, wee must be knitt together in this worke as one man, wee must entertaine each other in brotherly Affeccion, wee must be willing to abridge our selves of our superfluities, for the supply of others necessities, wee must uphold a familiar Commerce together in all meeknes, gentlenes, patience, and liberallity, wee must delight in each other, make others Condicions our owne, rejoyce together, mourne together, labour and suffer togethe. . . . for wee must Consider that wee shall be as a Citty upon a Hill the eies of all people are uppon us soe that if wee shall deale falsely with our god in this worke wee have undertaken and soe cause him to withdrawe his present help from us, wee shall shame the face of many of gods worthy servants, and cause theire prayers to be turned into cursses upon us till wee be consumed out of the good land whither wee are goeing."

The words, of course are John Winthrop's, preached in mid-Atlantic to the Puritan settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They are a classic statement of the mission of the American nation. Not all of Winthrop's theology can be ours; not all of his strictures for a small, homogenous community, at one and the same time secular and spiritual, can be applied to a broad and populous and diverse nation. Yet in a season when so many are urging a recollection of our mission, Winthrop's words can at least remind us of this: it is not enough simply to proclaim our principles and assert our goodness, as some seem to do. To be true to our task and to retain God's blessing, indeed under threat of his wrath, we must accept a heavy responsibility: to act justly, mercifully, and humbly, to foster community, to sacrifice our superfluities for the wants of others, to rejoice, mourn, labor and suffer together.

In Winthrop's language the idea of government by consent and the belief in community, the sense of great blessing and the awareness of responsibility thus incurred, were held together by the recognition of a transcendent reality standing behind, and over, the new colony. It is a language which has been submerged, at least since Wilson, in the Main Street "normalcy" of the inter-war Republicans, of Eisenhower and of Ford; in the secular progressivism of the New Deal; in the upwardly mobile urban ethos of the Kennedies; and in the Willy Lomanism of Nixon. Not a few Americans are longing to hear that language, or something akin to it, restored to us. This is the hope, I suspect, that has led so many people I know, unenthusiastic or skeptical about Jimmy Carter's policies, to enjoy the prospect of his Bicentennial year election. This is the source, no doubt, of much of the Georgian's success in attracting voters.

The Winthrop vision is not the only one in American history. Robert N. Bellah cities a *New Yorker* cartoon which aptly sums up one of our fundamental tensions: aboard the *Mayflower* one Pilgrim is explaining to another, "My first goal is religious liberty, but my long-range objective is to go into real estate." Carter, too, exemplifies such tensions. The religious strand he has brought once more to the forefront of public life strikes me as quite genuine—the sense of mission, personal and national; the commitment to justice, open government, and the healing of divisions; the compassion for the downtrodden.

But this does not go uncontested. Carter does not represent all the competing strands in American public life, but he does represent several of the most important ones. Carter is not only the lay preacher, he is also the Navy officer and engineer, the protege of Admiral Rickover. He is a "modernizer," devoted to efficiency as well as equity, a "problem-solver" like McNamara and the other apostles of calculating rationality who once brought their university-honed skills to Camelot.

Carter is also "responsible." That is, he acts mainly within the consensus of established experts. This is Carter the conventionally succesful businessman. Being a liberal, he tends toward the liberal end of the available opinion; but there has been nothing unpredictable or particularly innovative about his choice of advisors in crucial areas like economics and foreign policy. Of course, extended contact with the conventional experts may loosen this hold, the way that his contact with presidential candidates convinced him he was as worthy a choice himself. To date, his relative newness to Washington seems, paradoxically, to have put a shine on the tarnished credibility of the liberal establishment. Carter's very respect for the complexity of issues combines with his native conservatism to keep him close to the tried and true.

In this respect, too, Carter seems to represent the society as a whole. In many ways leaders like Winthrop or many of the Founding Fathers were more conservative than their

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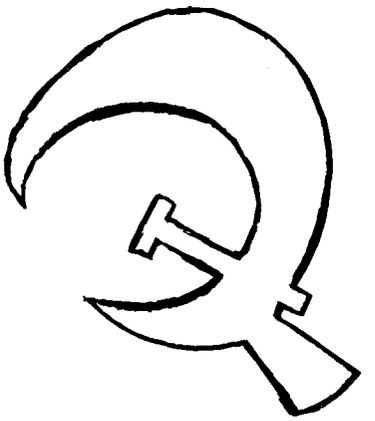
PERSECUTION IN LITHUANIA

RICHARD J. KRICKUS



A plea for help from American Catholics

Since March of 1972, "militant" priests, nuns and laity in Lithuania have been documenting the persecution of Catholics in that country, through a journal called the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania.* Its publication came about as a result of a "moderate/militant" split in the Lithuanian Catholic community. The former argued that even though the Soviets' anti-church campaign had done grevious harm to the church's infrastructure and had intimidated and demoralized lay Catholics, it was better to exist under these conditions than to offer resistance and risk extinction altogether. The "militants" argued that as things stood, the church was doomed to that fate unless the Catholics resisted the state's atheistic drive.

Available statistics bear out this conclusion. In 1940 Lithuania's population was 3 million, while today it is about 3.2 million. Yet the number of Catholic churches in Lithuania has dropped from 717 in 1940 to 628 in 1975, the number of archbishops and bishops from ten to four; and whereas there were 1,480 priests in 1940, in 1974 765 priests were active; as of 1972 approximately 300 of this number were 60-years-old and over. Since the single existing seminary is not producing sufficient graduates to replenish the clergy's shrinking ranks (in 1972 six priests were ordained, while twice that many died), the number of active priests will continue to slide. And, while official Soviet data must be handled cautiously, there is no doubt that the anti-church campaign has caused many Catholic laymen to turn away from the religion of their parents. According to figures gathered by Soviet researchers in 1964, 58 percent of the newborn in Lithuania were baptized, and 38 percent of all marriages and 60 percent of all funerals were conducted in church and administered by priests; in 1958 the respective percentages were 81 percent, 64 percent, 79 percent.

It was with this data in mind that in the mid-1960s a significant number of Lithuanian Catholics parted company with the moderates and banded together to resist the Kremlin's anti-Catholic campaign. They were emboldened by the activities of Russian intellectuals like Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, protest on the part of Jews and other ethnic minorities, and the "Czechoslovakian spring." They circulated petitions, wrote letters of protest demanding that their right of freedom of conscience be honored, and resisted the orders of superiors who kowtowed to the authorities. It was only after such requests were brushed aside or ignored that the militants decided to publish a *samizdat* (self-publishing) *Chronicle* documenting the government's illegal anti-Catholic activities. The editors sought to mobilize Catholics behind their cause by circulating the *Chronicle* in Lithuania. But in a closed society this was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, so they smuggled the *Chronicle* abroad to have its contents beamed back to the Soviet Union via Western broadcasts. They hoped, moreover, that the *Chronicle* would be widely circulated in the West where it would attract the attention of the large and powerful American Catholic community in particular.

Thus far twenty issues have reached the United States, where Lithuanian-American priests have translated the underground material into English. The *Chronicle* documents the persecution of Catholics in violation of domestic Soviet law and international agreements to which

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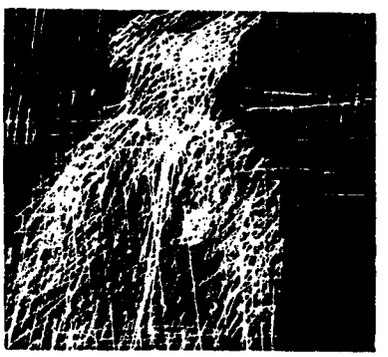
Russia is party, such as the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights and the Helsinki agreement. Through arbitrary administrative rulings, the misapplication of statutes, and the existence of vague or imaginary rulings, the authorities have seriously undermined the clergy's performance of religious duties; this has involved restrictions on hearing confessions, conducting funerals and Mass, administering last rites, celebrating holy days, providing religious instruction, printing church literature, selling religious objects, caring for church property and securing funds. Devout adult Catholics who attend church, possess religious literature and display religious articles are interrogated by security agents, physically blocked from traveling to church, threatened with arrest, lose their jobs and pensions and are incarcerated in mental institutions. Youngsters, the priority target of the government's atheistic campaign, who demonstrate their faith are also treated arbitrarily and harshly.

In contrast with the Russian intellectual dissidents, the Lithuanian Catholic civil rights activists have attracted mass support for their cause. In a two-year period early in the 1970s over 50,000 Lithuanians courageously signed petitions protesting the government's anti-church campaign. On several occasions militant Catholics, workers, and students have taken to the streets and in the spring of 1972 several protest suicides occurred. The self-immolation of Romas Kalanta, a Catholic student/worker, in particular had a profound, traumatic impact upon Lithuanians from all walks of life. After the young martyr killed himself in a Kaunas park, muted discontent was channeled into purposeful public resistance to state oppression. The anniversary of Kalanta's death has resulted in annual public protests conducted by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He has become a symbol for both groups and his immolation has helped link people who previously thought they had little in common and often were at odds with one another. It is believed that some of the first protest documents produced by Catholic priests to reach the West were carried out by emigrating Lithuanian Jews. And young, devout Marxist-Leninists born during and reared under Soviet rule have lent their voice to the Catholic civil rights movement.

In the fall of 1974 Jewish authorities in Vienna, upon meeting a plane from Russia, were dumbfounded when a young man on the list of "Jewish émigrés" refused to make the last leg of the trip to Israel. He said he was not a Jew and wanted to go to Rome. His name was Vaclovas Sevrukas and he was a 34-year-old instructor of Marxism-Leninism at the University of Leningrad's extension in Kaunas. Prior to his arrival in the West, he had had frequent run-ins with Soviet authorities. On one occasion he had assisted the mother of Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian sailor who made an abortive attempt to jump ship off the Massachusetts coast, in her effort to secure her son's release from prison. Although an atheist, Sevrukas on another occasion had protested the arrest of young Catholic dissidents associated with the circulation of underground material. By exiling him, Soviet officialdom hoped to get rid of a troublemaker whose support of the Catholics undermined Moscow's claims that they were anti-socialist subversives. After convincing the Austrian government that his story was authentic, Sevrukas boarded a plane for Rome. Upon his arrival in the Holy City, he began a hunger strike at St. Peter's Basilica (which he continued in New York) to draw attention to Catholic persecution in Lithuania.

Lithuanians, urban and rural, young and old, believers and non-believers alike risking imprisonment, economic security and educational opportunities have lent their support to the *Chronicle's* publication and dissemination. Despite the best efforts of the KGB, resulting in numerous persons being arrested and imprisoned, publi-



cation of the *Chronicle* continues. Nonetheless, the American media for all intents and purposes have ignored the *Chronicle* and, with the exception of articles printed in local Catholic newspapers, the Catholic media have not done much better. This silence is in marked contrast to the media's extensive coverage of the mistreatment of Soviet Jews. The reaction of American Jewry to the plight of their coreligionists in the USSR serves as a model which the American Catholic community should emulate. Jewish organizations—orthodox and reformed —and individuals—liberals and conservatives, intellectuals and businessmen—have spent millions of dollars and devoted priceless talent and energy to publicize the Kremlin's mistreatment of Jews. Consequently, information pertaining to Russian Jewry is available in abundance and the average American Catholic probably knows more about the oppression of Soviet Jews than he does about Catholics in the Soviet Union suffering similar mistreatment. There are numerous reasons for this disparity in coverage, but the failure of the American Catholic community to publicize the *Chronicle* and to publish material pertaining to its contents is the single most important one.

Ignorance about Lithuania in the United States, even its recent history, is widespread. Many Americans do not know that prior to the 1940 Soviet occupation Lith-

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uania was an independent state. And there are otherwise sophisticated political commentators who are unaware of the "legal basis" for Soviet occupation of Lithuania: a secret protocol to the 1939 Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact. This ignorance unquestionably has contributed to acceptance of Soviet propaganda that Lithuania always has been an integral part of the Russian and Soviet empires and that the "Lithuanian question" is an internal matter, not a question of imperialism and international law. That the Lithuanian-American community does not constitute a sizable voting bloc in the United States and is divided between the "old immigrants" whose ancestors arrived early in the century and the "new immigrants," the displaced persons (DPs) who touched our shores since the end of World War II, is also a contributing factor. So too is the prevailing view among many Americans that the Lithuanian DPs tend to be extreme right-wingers. This unfair view, to which the author clung for many years, complements Soviet propaganda that the Lithuanian Catholic activists are a small group of reactionaries bent on overthrowing the Soviet system and *agents provocateurs* who represent a threat to détente.

Some relevant facts should be kept in mind in this connection. While most Lithuanians who fled their homeland in the face of the advancing Red Army were anti-Soviet, many had fought both the Nazis and the Russians. Those fortunate enough to reach the United States represented a range of political views left, center and right, but few Lithuanian DPs could forget that during World War II and its aftermath 300,000 of their countrymen were deported to Siberia and Northern Russia and that about 50,000 were killed resisting the Soviets in postwar years.

Catholics and Marxists in Lithuania today would like to break loose from the crushing embrace of the Russians, but their politics runs closer to the left than to the right. Most are socialists, not capitalists. Their opposition to détente does not constitute a desire for a violent clash between the Soviet Union and the United States, bringing about the nuclear holocaust every sane person in the world fears. Like many Americans, including supporters of détente, they proclaim rather that the West must make a concerted effort to see to it that the Soviets abide by the agreements they sign. In "Basket Three" of the Helsinki agreement, the Soviets pledged to recognize human rights. They have neither lived up to this part of the agreement nor have they honored the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights to which they are party, and this is what the Lithuanians are protesting. It is significant that it has been the policy of the Catholic activists to work within the Soviet legal system. Their demands—calling for the elimination of policies restricting the clergy and lay Catholics in their pursuit of religious freedom— are all guaranteed by the Soviet and Lithuanian constitutions.

An additional though more elusive explanation for indifference in the United States toward the plight of Lithuanian and other ethnic minorities in the USSR is rooted in the Western humanistic tradition. Unwittingly it works in behalf of the Kremlin's policy toward national (non-Russian) minorities. Specifically, insofar as they recognize their "nationality" problem, Soviet spokesmen imply that it involves the struggle between particularistic nationalism versus universalistic socialism. This line has an appealing humanistic ring to it and strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts and minds of many non-Marxist Western intellectuals who associate ethnicity with nationalism which in turn contributed to two global wars in the twentieth century. But to a growing number of Lithuanians and other ethnic minorities residing in the USSR, the real problem is not one of particularism versus universalism, but Russian chauvinism and the refusal of the Kremlin to adhere to the pluralistic (and universalistic) precepts which have a legal basis under Soviet law.

To claim as the Russian leaders have that counter-revolutionaries are responsible for ethnic discontent in the USSR just does not bear up under the evidence. The most effective exponents of nationalism among the Soviet Union's ethnic minorities belong to the new Soviet elite —scientists, scholars, university students, and even prominent figures in the party—not the traditional pre-World War II nationalistic elite. Soviet theorists, though to a lesser degree than most Western social scientists, have underestimated the importance of ethnicity in human behavior or at the very least have adhered to the notion that ethnic group identity is unique to capitalism and that in a "socialistic" society ethnic ties and values are superseded by more progressive social relations and universalistic norms. Western scholars have been pretty much in agreement with Soviet analysts, although they have asserted that modernization and not socialism will eradicate ethnicity. Both are guilty of perpetuating a serious intellectual and empirical error. For there is abundant evidence worldwide, in developed and less developed, communist and non-communist societies alike, that demonstrates the tenacity of ethnicity. On both sides of the Iron Curtani, rising ethnic self-awareness, what has been called the "new ethnicity," can be attributed in large part to those social forces—urbanization, industrialization and literacy—which previously were deemed destructive of ethnic ties.

Thus in Lithuania the *Chronicle* suggests that young professionals and students, not older traditional elements, are among the most militant advocates of nationalism. There are two explanations for this phenomenon. The first, Russian chauvinism (the Great Russians have disproportionate influence in all areas of Soviet life), already has been mentioned; the second is that a group's language, culture and shared historical experiences (the components of what MIT's Harold Isaacs calls "basic group identity") are vital to the psychic and social wel-

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fare of its members. An individual's identity, the formation of his personality, and the values which give meaning to his life are shaped by group affinities. And as the West Virginia parents who opposed the use of textbooks they deemed anti-religious, subversive and destructive of family life have demonstrated, people will fight to preserve values and a way of life that gives purpose to their existence in the same way they will fight to protect their property or resist economic exploitation. It is for similar reasons that Lithuanians, including dedicated Marxists, are prepared to risk imprisonment or even death to preserve their national culture. To what appears to be a majority of Lithuanians, their Roman Catholic faith is an integral part of that culture.

It is against this backdrop that the question of why the American Catholic community has adopted an indifferent attitude toward the *Chronicle* deserves to be scrutinized. Several general explanations come to mind. The feeble clout of the Lithuanian community has already been mentioned. Unfortunately there are members of the church hierarchy as well as the lay community whose indifference stems from this fact. But what about those Catholics of various political persuasions, the staunch anti-Communists and the steadfast champions of civil liberties who have obvious reasons to take up the cause of the Lithuanian Catholic civil rights activists? How can we explain their silence? The right-wing reputation of the Lithuanian DPs in the United States, the fear that calling the Russians to task for anti-Catholic persecution may jeopardize détente, and animosity toward "ethnic particularism" may explain the liberals' indifference. The fact that many "anti-Communists" in the United States are only interested in exploiting the threat of "international Communism" to achieve domestic political gains, while others in the hierarchy are fearful of stirring up the "ethnics" in the church, may explain the conservatives' silence. But both these explanations are faulty because many Catholic liberals and conservatives are authentic exponents of their respective positions. In this connection, a major contributing factor is the paucity of information available pertaining to the plight of Catholics in the USSR. Until 1972 when news from Soviet Lithuania reached the West via leaks from the intelligence community, isolated articles, and stray reports from émigrés, the Western public was not privy to a great deal of pertinent information. With the *Chronicle's* publication there is no reason this condition should persist. Lithuanian-American priests have translated the *Chronicle* into English so there is no language barrier, and the Catholic media network in the United States is extensive, so the task of disseminating the *Chronicle's* contents does not pose a problem.

This brings us to an observation not previously mentioned: many Americans who are champions of civil liberties, religious freedom, and the rule of law do not believe anything can be done to assist persecuted Catholics in the USSR. Some conservatives remain mute because "the totalitarian Soviet leadership cannot be influenced by Western opinion"; an equal number of liberals accept the oppression of Catholics in the USSR as "a sad fact of life" about which nothing can be done. One can muster ample evidence to support both views, but they are overstated.

Political pundits disagree about whether or not pressure from Western Jewry has prompted the Kremlin to adopt a softer line toward Jews in the USSR, but many students of the Soviet Union believe it has helped. Hedrick Smith, for example, author of the highly acclaimed book, *The Russians,* has stated categorically that the Soviet leaders are not indifferent to Western public opinion. The Kremlin's reaction to rising discontent among Lithuanian Catholics is also instructive. For example, Soviet authorities displayed concern about Catholic protest early in the 1970s after several petitions circulated by the Catholic militants attracted mass support. Catholic protest, along with that of dissident intellectuals and Russian Jews demanding the right of emigration, was interfering with Brezhnev's efforts to secure political and economic concessions from the West. In an attempt to discredit the militant Lithuanian Catholics, moderate prelates speaking favorably about the Kremlin's attitude toward the church gave interviews to reporters from Western communist newspapers, such as *L'Humanité* and *La Unita.*

The campaign of French and Italian Communists to project a new liberal image to voters in France and Italy may also work in behalf of the Lithuanian Catholics. The Russians are not happy about recent statements by Georges Marchais, the French Communist Party leader, and his counterpart in the Italian Communist party Enrico Berlinguer, proclaiming a "democratic road to socialism." But the Western Communists do have some influence in Moscow; Leonid Plyushch, a Russian émigré who denounced Soviet repression, has praised the French Communist party for helping him obtain his freedom.

Whatever the sensitivity of the Soviet Union to opinion outside its borders, Western Communists will not press Moscow to provide greater religious liberties to Catholics in the USSR unless Western Catholics mount a serious protest campaign against anti-Catholicism in the Soviet Union. The Lithuanian Catholics are only asking their government to allow them to enjoy religious liberties which the letter of Soviet law guarantees. This is a goal Catholics in the West should champion. Moreover, even those who question the feasibility of such an effort cannot ignore the fact that American Catholics living in a free and open society have a moral obligation to speak out against anti-Catholic oppression in the Soviet Union. And those who fear that such a campaign will endanger détente should remember that the Soviet government and not the Catholic militants have violated Soviet law guaranteeing the right to practice the religion of one's choice.

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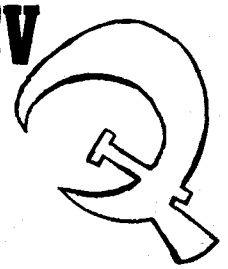
Finally, it is the Soviet government, not the editors of the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania,* who have ignored the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights and the Helsinki accord.

By adhering to the Soviet constitution and international law, the Kremlin will be promoting détente and fostering the spirit of *rapprochement*. The truth is that the rule of law is the only real safeguard against the nightmare of a nuclear war or an oppressive world order which subverts civil liberties and the human spirit. It is against this backdrop that American Catholics should lend their voice to the cause of the Catholic civil rights movement in Lituania. In good conscience, it is the only thing they can choose to do.

THE TRIAL OF SERGEI KOVALEV

HARVEY FIRESIDE



Denying exit to a Lithuanian scholar

If Sergei Adamovich Kovalev receives letters from abroad at Camp VS 389/36, he has a surprise in store. Cornell University's Division of Biological Sciences has invited him to accept an appointment as visiting scholar at his "convenience."

It is a long way from Ithaca, New York, to the "corrective labor colony" at Perm, 700 miles southeast of Moscow, which the regime reserves for "especially dangerous state criminals." The Cornell invitation will clear the obstacles in the dissident biologist's path. The Soviet Union agreed with 34 other states last summer to "recognize the universal significance of human rights and fundamental freedoms, respect for which is an essential factor for the peace, justice and wellbeing necessary to ensure the development of friendly relations and cooperation among themselves."

Clearly, as a Cornell spokesman conceded, cashing in on the promises in the humanitarian "Basket Three" section of the Helsinki treaty is a long shot. It all depends on a number of intangibles, such as the Soviet regime's need for exchanges with western scientists and the persistence of outside pressure on Kovalev's behalf. But, in view of recent expulsions of other dissidents—the Ukrainian cybernetician Leonid Plyushch, the Moscow historian Andrei Amalrik and a few longtime Jewish "refuseniks"—early release of the 44-year-old Kovalev with his wife and child remains a distinct possibility.

The Cornell offer deliberately ignores the political aspect of the case. It simply cites Kovalev's research on "the electrophysiology of muscle and the control of heartbeat, as well as on the development of membrane potentials and the electrical coupling of cells." American colleagues, it notes, have followed with interest publication of this work in such noted scientific journals as as *Biofizika* and *Tsitologiia.*

The Lithuanian Supreme Court that tried Kovalev in Vilnius last December, however, paid scant attention to the scientific career that led from a candidate's degree (equivalent to a PhD) to a post of senior researcher at Moscow State University. It focused instead on the words of conscience that cost him his position in 1969, when he helped organize the Initiative Group for the defense of Human Rights in the USSR. For the next five years, he was only able to work at applied biology in a fish hatchery.

Attempts by Kovalev to intercede for embattled dissidents led him to sign petitions for Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Pyotr Grigorenko, Vladimir Bukovsky and a half dozen other victims of détente-era repression. In May 1974, he took the bold step of handing a statement to foreign correspondents admitting joint authorship of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, a *samizdat* (underground) bimonthly record of trials and imprisonments (obtainable, in English translation, from Amnesty International, 212 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023). The statement, cosigned by Tatyana Velikanova and Tatyana Khodorovich, concluded, "We are convinced that truthful information about violations of basic human rights should be available to everyone interested."

Later that year, Kovalev became a charter member of the Moscow chapter of Amnesty International, a human rights group headquartered in London. He also issued a statement in October, with Velikanova, Khodorovich and Grigory Podyapolsky, concerning conditions in the labor camps in Mordovia and the Perm region that had provoked inmates to prolonged hunger strikes.

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The final act of courage that proved Kovalev's undoing was to help prepare another *samizdat* journal, the *Chronicle of the Lithuanian Catholic Church* (obtainable in English from Lithuanian Catholic Priests' League, 64-14 56th Road, Maspeth, Long Island, New York 11378). The eleven numbers of that publication to reach the West constitute a tragic record of the repression of church and national life in Lithuania under Soviet rule. Charges that these reports purveyed "anti-Soviet propaganda carried on for the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet regime," under Article 70 of the Russian Criminal Code, formed the nub of the indictment.

According to an informed State Department source, who was not allowed to attend the supposedly "open" trial, the Soviets are supersensitive to challenges from religious and national movements, particularly in territories annexed during World War II. They staged Kovalev's trial in the remote courtroom at Vilnius, off limits to correspondents and friends who would have attended in Moscow. And they decided to give an object lesson to restive Lithuanians by having the court deliver the maximum sentence of seven years at a "strict regime" camp followed by three years' internal exile.

Among those excluded from the courtroom was the noted Soviet physicist and Nobel peace prize winner Andrei Sakharov, who considers Kovalev "my close friend, a man of great spiritual beauty and force, of limitless altruism, dedicated to the defense of human rights and the struggle for publicity against illegality." At the end of the trial, Sakharov charged, "The prosecution did not prove that Kovalev's aim was the subsersion of the Soviet regime or that his activity was slanderous in character. The trial was blatantly unlawful. It was not open to the public; there was no debate between the parties; the trial was conducted without defense counsel, and it was completed in the absence of Kovalev and without his final plea."

The four-day trial that began last December 9, after a year of "pretrial arerst," was unusual in several other respects. Kovalev pleaded not guilty to a catalog of charges based on *samizdat* documents seized at his apartment and the testimony, later recanted, of fellow activist Kiktor Krasin, now in New York. The court denied Kovalev's motions to call witnesses except for Krasin, who was, of course, unavailable. It further denied his request for defense attorneys Kaminskaya or Kallistratova, who had handled similar cases. Rather than accept a court-appointed counsel, Kovalev chose to defend himself.

After further denials of motions to conduct a truly public trial, Kovalev declared a hunger strike. He was removed from the courtroom and the trial continued in his absence. Agents of the KGB secret police, who had detained sympathizers trying to board a Moscow train bound for Vilnius, restricted access to persons with "special passes." Still, the dissidents' grapevine was able to convey the proceedings, including the prosecutor's final charge: "The Soviet authorities don't care about a man's opinions if only he keeps them to himself and does not engaged in criminal activity. In Kovalev's thoughts on liberty as expressed in the documents he signed, one thing is clear: he is trying to portray liberty as something independent from society. We know that liberty is the product of the historical development of society and that each society has its own particular character. . . . Our state forbids actions which are foreign to its nature."

In the January 1976 issue of the Soviet journal *New Times*, Alexander Sukharev, First Deputy Minister of Justice of the USSR, contends the trial was "held in the biggest hall in the courthouse" and was "attended by the public, needless to say, within the limits imposed by seating capacity. . . . Although Kavolev's behavior during the trial greatly complicated the work of the court, his case was subjected to a thorough and objective examination. More than twenty witnesses were called and a large number of documents confirming his criminal anti-state activity were examined and verified."

The official account thus totally contradicts what has become known about the case privately. It gives a hollow ring to Soviet pledges at Helsinki to "recognize and respect the freedom of the individual to profess and practice, alone or in community with others, religion or belief in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience." Finally, it puts responsibility on the U.S. government to demonstrate that the words of Henry Kissinger can alter the fate of one man: "Human rights must be cherished regardless of race, sex, or religion. There can be no double standard."

RON OVERTON

WAITING FOR PASSAGE

The harsh sun on the sea surface,
the sun on the page lighting the poem,
the paper's fibre. Yesterday it rained
& the house was filled with a formal light:
today the light outside spills open
as we leave for the islands that are green.
The small white boats comfortably bob
in their particular New England cove,
the harbor shuffles itself & changes,
the precise fixtures of the ferry press
through the obvious blue air toward us—
small figures on the wharf reading,
as seen from the ship's nodding bridge
in the captain's eye for pure fact.

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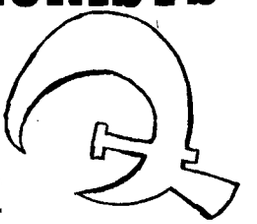
FACE-LIFT FOR THE FRENCH COMMUNISTS

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE



Ceasing to think of themselves as the avant-garde

So Henry Kissinger went to Paris and wisely refrained from giving advice on how to deal with the French Communist Party. Once regarded as the embodiment of Stalinism at its crassest, the French CP, in alliance with the Socialists, confidently expects to come to power in the legislative elections of 1978. President Giscard is equally aware of the threat—he will still be President at that date—and made it clear that American expressions of alarm would simply prove counter-productive.

The Vatican has not emulated Dr. Kissinger's restraint, and there have been repeated statements in the last few months which have stressed the incompatibility between Christianity and Marxism. Though Italy is undoubtedly in the foreground of these warnings, the homily on the contrast between grim Communists in power and smiling Communists in the bid for power applies equally to France. It becomes, then, a matter of some importance to determine whether the French CP really has changed its spots. It now talks a different language, but how sincere is it, and is its search for electoral respectability merely a matter of pre-electoral cosmetics?

Judging the sincerity of any political party is a daunting task, and ultimately the sincerity of the French CP can be proved only in the light of future hypothetical events. A provisional assessment can, however, be based on the steps it has already taken.

The French CP ceased long ago to be the advocate of violent revolution. During the heady events of May 1968, it played an essentially conservative role and denounced as "adventurers" the ultra-leftists who believed that the great eschatological day of revolution had arrived. Skeptics have said that the Communists were only interested in a revolution that they could control, and that they exercised self-restraint because leadership had passed into other hands; but the fact remains that they stood for order and stability in that time of upheaval.

Moreover, since theory and praxis are indissolubly linked in Marxism, a new "line" had to be elaborated to account for the abandonment of traditional positions. It declared that the appropriate strategy for France was not violent revolution but a broadly-based movement of the left which would also be open to non-Communists. Only in this way could the "peaceful transition to socialism" be achieved. Again one could object that the French CP was merely cutting its coat according to the available cloth. But the change in strategy has brought with it a partial change in self-understanding: the Party is ceasing to think of itself as the *avant-garde,* endowed with a privileged sense of the way history is inevitably moving, and becoming a *mass* party which is unable to insist on strict doctrinal orthodoxy.

According to Georges Marchais, leader of the Party, "The desire to work for democratic changes . . . is a sufficient condition for membership." Only the most blinkered reactionary would fail to pass that undemanding test. And Marchais showed himself aware of the risk of dilution to which this policy might lead: "We must realize that after the presidential elections, hundreds of thousands of people want to participate in our activity. . . . Obviously they do not all have a clear vision of our strategy and of the final objectives of the party. But this cannot be an insurmountable obstacle to their membership."

Marchais's solution to the élite/mass dilemma, then, is to place the élite within the mass as the far-seeing group who know where the strategic concessions are ultimately leading. And the less orthodox camp followers do not rise high in the party. That would be sinister but for the fact that the concessions to win the masses have actually been made, and to renege on them would prove such intolerable duplicity that the deceived masses would immediately protest. The French CP may find itself hoist on the petards of its own concessions. Moreover, the broadly-based movement of the left cannot hope to succeed electorally except in alliance with the revitalized Socialist Party.

At the moment the left-wing alliance has a "Common Program of Government" on which it fought the last presidential election and hopes to win the parliamentary election of 1978. The Communists are the junior partners in this alliance, and constant snarling and sniping in the pages of *Humanité* have made it an uneasy *mariage de raison.* The Common Programme postpones the attainment of "the peaceful transition to socialism" to the never-never land, and substitutes instead the misty notion of "advanced democracy" in terms which would seem moderate to a member of the British Labor Party. More important still, in signing the Common Programme, the French CP undertook to honor the rules

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of the French parliamentary game, and to retire with grace if defeated at the polls. They were greatly perturbed when the Portuguese Communists said that there would be no parliamentary government in Portugal, and hastened to explain that they would behave quite differently.

Their latest attempt to buy popularity is the most surprising in view of the many tomes of Marxist theorizing on the subject: the French CP has ceased to proclaim "the dictatorship of the proletariat" as its goal. In Lenin this term meant that after the revolution the power which had been seized would be turned against those who had previously exercised it. Marchais went on TV to explain that the notion was outmoded, and that just as one abandoned an old and worn-out suit of clothes, so one could discard this piece of Marxist intellectual equipment. The twenty-second Congress of the French CP, held at Ile-Saint-Denis in February this year, solemnly ratified the dropping of "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Lenin must be spinning round in his mausoleum at such effrontery.

Giscard argued, at his last press conference, that the abandonment of the outmoded expression was meaningless, since it was not accompanied by dropping the class-war theory. One could also add that the real reason for giving it up is that it has been discredited beyond redemption. Since Stalin (since Lenin, says Solzhenitsyn) it has been a deceitful synonym for "the dictatorship of the party" or even of an individual. But whatever the reasons for abandoning the embarrassing term, the fact that it has been abandoned is significant: it will be difficult to smuggle it back in later, This enables one to make a more general point about the French CP: its concessions may have been motivated by an intense desire to achieve electoral respectability and they may be cosmetic in intention, but they constitute a commitment to the "long march through democratic institutions" which is entirely novel in Communist theory. But its novelty is precisely what makes it so alarming for many.

One empirical test of the sincerity of French Communists is the extent to which they are prepared to annoy Moscow. From the point of view of the Russians, they have behaved outrageously. They made an agreement with the Italian CP, the most revisionist and unreliable of European parties, in July 1975. Georges Marchais did not even bother to go to Moscow for the twenty-fifth Party Congress where he would have heard himself denounced by Mr. Brezhnev. They have defended "human rights" in Russia, and took up the case of the interned Soviet mathematician, Leonid Plyushch. They have declared that there are different roads to socialism, no longer regard the Russian "model" as normative, and have therefore broken with the sacrosanct Russian principle known as "international working-class solidarity."

Moreover, the French CP has set its intellectuals the delicate task of rewriting history. Jean Ellenstein, in his book *Le Phénomène Stalinien* goes beyond the usual line which attributes Stalin's misdeeds to "personality cult." What happened in Soviet Russia can be explained by the special circumstances of that vast country: the structure, the absence of any democratic traditions, the civil war which followed the Revolution. Stalin's perversion of Marxism, according to Ellenstein, was that he turned it into a dogmatic system. Ellenstein's work can be seen as an attempt to cope with awkward facts which, after Solzhenitsyn, it is impossible to deny. But the main thrust of his laborious explanations is to show that in France Communism would build on the French democratic tradition, and consequently take on a different character.

Another test of sincerity is the extent to which the French CP is prepared to disturb the faith of old party hacks who are too muscle-bound (or too honest) to dance to the new tunes. Dissident voices have been briefly heard, even in the pages of *Humanité*, from

Communists who feel betrayed and let down. They have lost, as it were, the Latin Mass of "the dictatorship of the proletariat," and they feel that the Party is losing its revolutionary ardor and succumbing to a form of social democracy. There are casualties of the new line.

However, there was no dissent at the twenty-second Party Congress. The 1,522 delegates voted unanimously for all the resolutions set before them, accepted without demur the loss of "the dictatorship of the proletariat," and elected all the members of the Central Committee who were proposed. That such a massive gathering should be of one heart and mind suggests a high degree of organization. If the French CP has become the advocate of democracy—and "advanced democracy" at that—one expects to see rather more evidence of it within its own ranks. It has still to pass this last test of sincerity. Of the 1,522 delegates at Ile-Saint-Denis, 61.29 percent have joined the Party since 1968. Doctrinal requirements may have slackened, but the authoritarian habits do not seem to have changed. The trouble with the French Communists, said one socialist, is that they "combine a left-wing ideology with a right-wing temperament."

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THE SCREEN

Obviously science fiction never succeeds. Its ostensible purpose is to show us what the future will be, but its effect is always to show us what the present is instead. The then and there always, inevitably, becomes just a metaphor for the here and now. Like travelling through space to another country, travelling through time to another century defeats its objective because when we arrive we only impose our own meanings on what we find. Speculation of this kind—expanding our imaginations into other eras and other galaxies—disappoints us every time because it turns out to be such a self-centered activity. The only way to make a good science-fiction movie, in fact, is to make one that is about this very incapacity in ourselves. That's essentially what Stanley Kubrick did in *2001*, and in a less ambitious fashion it is what Nicholas Roeg has done in his new sci-fi film, *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. It is not really the recesses of the universe that these films are about, but rather the limits of our own imagination.

The nexus of Roeg's movie, the point at which its different lines of development all seem to cross, is a scene where T. J. Newton (David Bowie) drops in on one of his employees, Nate Bryce (Rip Torn). Newton is a visitor from another galaxie who has come to earth in search of water for his home planet. Disguised as a man, Newton has used patents he brought with him to make himself the most powerful industrialist in America. Now he lives on a lake in New Mexico in a compound whose only other house is occupied by Bryce, an eccentric mathematician Newton has come to trust. Bryce, on the other hand, has developed some suspicions about Newton, and on the night that Newton drops in, Bryce has bugged his living room with an x-ray machine. As Newton settles back in a chair, he asks Bryce to shut off the television so they can talk. Bryce tosses him the remote control so he can do it himself, but the gadget, made to trigger the x-ray instead of turning off the tv, seems to malfunction. Only after he has thus gotten Newton to x-ray himself does Bryce substitute a remote control switch that works on the tv.

One intersection that this scene affords us is between Bryce and Newton themselves. Throughout the film their experiences have been like the terrestial and celestial halves of a single life. Their love lives, especially, have seemed star-crossed. The first time we meet Bryce he is cheating on his wife by making love to a teeny bopper, but as soon as Newton's company hires him, several scenes later, he loses his desire for young girls. In the interim, though, Newton has taken up with a young girl, Mary Lou (Candy Clark), a hotel chamber maid who befriends him. Thus, just when Bryce quits cheating on his wife, Newton begins cheating on his, the one he left behind in space and whom he thinks of often. Yet it is Bryce who winds up with Mary Lou in the end. In the next scene after Bryce attempts to x-ray Newton, Mary Lou also learns that Newton is an extra-terrestial being. From then on, she cannot bring herself to make love to him, and in the end she and Bryce turn to each other as the only two who really knew Newton.

Beyond signalling this change in his relationship with Bryce and Mary Lou, the scene where Newton is x-rayed marks a change in his relationship with the whole human race. Up until this point we have seen him primarily as an observer of mankind, but now he becomes the one observed by man instead. He tells Bryce later that he learned what he knows about man through tv scanning of the earth; and with his superhuman powers of concentration and capacity for information, he frequently tunes in six or eight televisions at once, each on a different channel. But from the moment he pushes that tv remote control switch which x-rays him instead of turning off the tv he's watching, he becomes the object of scrutiny. After leaving Bryce's, Newton reveals his true identity to Mary Lou and lets her see him without earthly disguise. Then he appears before the television cameras himself when one of his companies sponsors a space launch. Finally Newton is taken into custody and, imprisoned in a penthouse, subjected to continuous examination by doctors and scientists.

Newton's singularity among men is his capacity to assimilate to what he sees. All human experience is as foreign to him as a Kabuki play he is watching at the moment when Bryce is trifling with that teeny bopper. In effect, by intersplicing Bryce's lovemaking with the scene from the Kabuki play Newton attends, Roeg seems to be making the point that even a fundamental experience like sex must appear as alien to Newton as Japanese dramaturgy does to us. Yet Newton is not only able to insert himself into the middle of American culture and capitalism, but able truly to love Mary Lou as well. Next to Bryce's shoddy and specious emotions, Newton's seem all the more authentic. In a scene that, again, has to do with the act of observation, Newton gives Mary Lou an astro-telescope as a gift. It's a gesture that suggests he hopes she, and the rest of humanity, will respond to him in kind and accept his otherness as he does theirs.

But this is of course the one thing man cannot do. When Newton removes his false skin and human eye covers, Mary Lou is so revulsed that she cannot make love to his strangeness as he has to hers. And the "scientific" investigation to which he is subjected in his penthouse prison is even more confined and helpless. It is in truth an effort not to understand Newton's own nature, but to render him human, and therefore harmless to other men. At one point, for instance, the doc-

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tors say they want to x-ray into his eyes, and before he can remove the human eye covers he wears, they perform the procedure, thus sealing the covers to the eyes so that they can never be removed again. When the doctors have satisfied themselves about him, Newton just finds one day that his penthouse has been left unguarded, and he is free to go.

What he becomes once he has escaped just returns to the eccentric but all too human reality which exists outside the film itself. Newton becomes what lead player David Bowie is: a rock star. In the final scene Bryce tracks him down through his premiere record album. He finds Newton at a bar in a half-drunk state which has apaprently become habitual for him. When Newton drops and breaks his glass, he, Bryce, and the waiter all agree he has "had enough," and on that note the film ends. But the broken glass is perhaps a glancing allusion to *2001*, which reached its conclusion when the sole surviving astronaut also drops and breaks a glass at the end of the time warp. The miscalculation of the hand which breaks that glass in Kubrick's film is a reminder of human frailty, the same frailty that has so desperately re-made Newton in its own image in Roeg's film. Roeg has understood from the beginning that that frailty was really all that Newton could ever represent to us.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

DOING SISTER IN

THE STAGE

In an article in the *New York Times* [June 15], the story of Milan Stitt's *The Runner Stumbles* and its eleven-year journey from Yale Drama School script to Broadway production, Richard Eder reports that Stitt's first agent complained that *Runner* was really two plays, one about conflicts within the Catholic Church, the other a murder mystery. It still is. But it is even more splintered than that two-way split suggests. The play seems at first to worry about the role of the church in relation to its parishioners and about the struggle between the two ways of approaching God that Charles Williams called the Ways of the Affirmation and the Negation of Images, but the doctrinal differences are revealed as a vehicle for suppressed sexuality. Set in 1911 on the Upper Peninsula in Michigan, where the real murder on which the play is based took place, *The Runner Stumbles* is about a tiny Catholic community, isolated from the alien and hostile Protestant town near which it is situated, the town itself cut off from the larger world by geography, weather, prejudice and platitudes. Stitt has borrowed from Michael Lesy's *Wisconsin Death Trip* (Father Rivard mentions photographs of babies in coffins as though they were grotesque horror fetishes and not the simple mourning pictures that he could have found among Catholics too).

The community consists, for dramatic purposes, of Father Rivard, Sister Rita and Mrs. Shandig, the priest's housekeeper. We do meet a couple of parishioners and a visiting cliché from the bishop's office, a fastidious bureaucrat of a monsignor, but the center of the play lies with the theological and sexual triangle of priest, nun and housekeeper. Father Rivard is something of a problem. He is purposely cold and distant, on the assumption that the priest is a figure set apart and that the church's job is to provide rules for conduct in a world in which only pain is to be expected. He is also kind and understanding beneath his rigidity, and he was exiled to this remote (I almost wrote "godforsaken") parish because he was an embarrassment to the diocese in his enthusiastic disregard for rules. This dichotomy is dramatically important since the first of the Father Rivards is to be tested by Sister Rita with the reluctant support of his hidden other self, but Stitt loads us with so much biographical material that the priest refuses to take shape. The runner who stumbles over Sister Rita is the boy who runs away from his own crippling compassion—in a childhood story he tells about diphtheria's wiping out most of his family—to escape into the austerity of withdrawal from human contact. When we learn about his lost love for the girl with sausage curls, about his difficulties wth the diocesan conservatives, he comes across as a runner always stumbling, and the priest that Sister Rita faces has not enough validity, philosophically or personally, to provide a fit antagonist for the young nun.

Sister Rita, who arrives lilac in hand, is a toucher, physically and spiritually, a believer in God's beautiful world, a teacher of joy not pain. Sounding a bit 1960s for a nun in 1911, she considers herself a person first, a nun second. As Nancy Donohue plays her, Sister Rita seems constantly in motion, a gush of words, a shower of gesture that bathes Father Rivard and Mrs. Shandig in demanding affection; even when Donohue comes to rest, she seems always about to lift off again. By the end of the play, we see that Sister Rita is not really a humanizing influence in a church of rules, but that she is a nun by default, almost by accident, that she wants a home not the church, a family not a vocation, a particular not a generalized love. In the big scene, the one that we have been teasingly promised for so much of the play, Father Rivard declares his love and then withdraws it, and Sister Rita moves from the burble of expectation to the scream of frustration. In retrospect, so much that seemed charming about her early in the play becomes incipiently hysterical, and Donohue's Sister Rita emerges as a complete character, the central figure in a tragedy of an unfulfilled human being. In the process, however, what she stands for in the ideational play

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disappears, the human impulse in the house of rules becomes not an alternative approach to mission but a mask for sexual and social longing.

Confusion of purpose aside, the play and the production have some technical problems. The courtroom drama, skeleton of the play, is an excuse for the flashbacks, but it has no melodramatic tension in its own right; the mystery is solved in an off-hand way when the priest's lawyer remembers seeing lights up at the deserted rectory and hauls in the missing housekeeper for the obligatory witness-stand confession. The courtroom scenes, in their turn, break whatever emotional force the growing love between the principals might have been expected to produce as unacknowledged passion begins to fracture the characters' self-defined exteriors. Since the play is essentially conventional in form, it might better have dispensed with the shifting focus, a device which many plays—James Baldwin's *The Blues for Mr. Charlie,* for instance—have shown to be more effective for didactic than for dramatic purposes. To make matters worse, Stephen Joyce's Father Rivard is no banked fire about to burst into flames. He seems as cold and distant as Sister Rita thinks he is, acting distress not anguish, and the final jet of tears that he manages is less a culmination than a technician's trick; I was reminded of the woman who spouts tears in Chaplin's *A Dog's Life* and was moved, not to weeping as Clive Barnes was, but to speculation about the performer's facility.

Serious, earnest, almost prim, *The Runner Stumbles* is an unusual play to find on Broadway these days, but it remains more an anomaly than an artistic or intellectual experience.

GERALD WEALES

MIRRORS ON THE DEMOCRATS

ROBERT K. LANDERS

Adlai Stevenson of Illinois
JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN
Doubleday, $15

The Hard Years
EUGENE J. McCARTHY
Viking, $8.95

The Democrats: The Years After FDR
HERBERT S. PARMET
Macmillan, $12.95

Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy
JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS
Norton, $11.95

The President Makers: From Mark Hanna to Joseph P. Kennedy
FRANCIS RUSSELL
Little, Brown, $12.50

IT WAS in 1960, which now seems a time long ago, that Eugene McCarthy beseeched the Democrats assembled in convention in Los Angeles not to reject Adlai Stevenson, not to reject "this man who made us all proud to be called Democrats." They did reject him, of course, as it was by then, as even McCarthy knew, inevitable that they should. Whether, if they hadn't, it would have made any real difference, will never be known; but certainly it was not so long afterward that there came to be increasingly infrequent reason for anyone to be very proud to be called Democrat. But now, the future (if not, thanks to Jimmy Carter, the very immediate future) of the party seems to some in doubt; McCarthy himself wanders the byways as an independent, persuaded that "The discontent in the country could well manifest itself in a successful independent or third-party effort in the near future. The alternative is to surrender the United States indefinitely to the Democrats and Republicans—to let them just take turns running the country. On the record, they have not done very well by the country in recent years."

Despite that recent record, one rather doubts that the man whom McCarthy so eloquently nominated in 1960 would be joining him today in apostasy. There is a least no hint in the magnificently detailed first volume of John Bartlow Martin's biography that Stevenson ever gave serious thought to abandoning the party which he seems to have come to originally as the result less of any sustained scrutiny of its record than of some force as little rationalistic as tradition or heredity (his grandfather had been vice president under Grover Cleveland).

Although he always seemed to many to be at some distance from ordinary politics, from its less-than-noble and never-ending machinations, in fact Stevenson was not devoid of political ambition; as Martin shows, he expressed such ambition as early as 1930, when he was 30 years old. Still, his apparent remoteness was an important part of his popular appeal (and so, of his utility to earth-bound party regulars), and it was more than just a pose: He *was* somewhat remote from ordinary politics, which he never experienced at its lower levels. He was remote, too, in the doubtless more significant sense that, while he apprehended the political realities, he did not simply yield to them, but instead, without thereby seeking to escape those realities, actually tried to submit them to moral judgment. It was a difficult and demanding undertaking, one which may very well have received, very privately, special force from a childhood accident in which Stevenson, age 12, shot and killed a playmate. It was also an undertaking not without its risks; for in the

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fun-house mirror of politics, conscientiousness could easily assume the shape of indecision, and ambition checked, of weakness revealed.

And yet, withal, Stevenson was a political realist. Not the least fascinating part of Martin's book is that in which he scrutinizes the forces at work upon and within Stevenson when he was led, by President Truman's withdrawal and the liabilities of the other possible candidates, to consider accepting his party's presidential nomination in 1952. "He took many things into consideration, and it was a complex decision," Martin writes. "It was, however, essentially a political decision. If he could run against Taft, he would replay the old debate of the William Allen White Committee days and he could be comfortable and probably win. But if he must run against Eisenhower, he had lost the foreign policy issue, he faced a national hero, and he would probably lose. . . . His instinct told him to run against Taft but not against Eisenhower, and his instinct was right. But events controlled."

Events did not entirely control Steveson's political appearance, yet he did come to seem to many rather more liberal in his political views than in fact he was. After encountering Stevenson's private opinions of Truman's "Fair Deal" at a meeting in March, 1952, one member of the Americans for Democratic Action came away wondering if he should counsel his colleagues to labor to prevent, not promote, Stevenson's candidacy. In fact, Stevenson made his basic political stand in the middle ground of his party, and that was a place which, especially to a moral absoutist, was not without serious faults; but then, as Martin, with a loving candor, makes clear, neither was Stevenson. "In later years," Martin writes, "talking about him after his death, some of Stevenson's liberal friends wondered why they forgave him what they considered his shortcomings —his old remarks about Jews, his clear intellectual rather than passionately emotional commitment to civil rights, his loyal defense of policies of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in which they thought he did not believe. George Ball, asked why, replied, 'Because of his gaiety, his wit, his style, and his guts. And because he had integrity. And he was a friend—that was his great quality. He would do almost anything for a friend.' " Several of Stevenson's defects seem rather more serious than his friends are readily inclined to admit; still, it would be an exceptionally severe judge who did not come, in the end, to feel about him almost as they do.

Doubtless Stevenson's failure to gain the White House left his admirers a little too free simply to celebrate his virtues and to imagine that, had he won, those virtues would have sufficed in any truly important matter; yet that is a benefit bequeathed to the admirers of every losing candidate, and seldom so far indulged as to create a market

for a two-volume biography, the first volume of which runs to nearly 800 pages. So Stevenson is manifestly someone special.

Martin labored for a decade on this work and his dedication has paid off: the first volume is a triumph of the Old Journalism, telling us more about Stevenson, from birth through his defeat in 1952, than any previous work has or than any subsequent one soon is likely to, and doing so in such a way as to gain our confidence that we are actually encountering the real Stevenson.

Martin worked as a speechwriter for Stevenson in the 1952 campaign, but now he thinks Stevenson was of a type that simply does not get elected President: "He was, indeed, an off-trail candidate, a sport, a man who behaved and talked unlike almost any other candidate in recent memory. There was about him a certain superficial resemblance to the Senator Eugene McCarthy of 1968 whose campaign against the Vietnam War that year produced success in the New Hampshire primary. (But McCarthy later behaved in a careless, offhand, eccentric, erratic way, as when he relinquished his seat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Stevenson was more responsible. . . .) Such men attract followers who become idolators; but it is an appeal to a narrow segment of the population; such men do not get elected President." This may well be true; still, Martin seems insufficiently appreciative of McCarthy's accomplishments in 1968 and, perhaps as a result, avoids wondering if Stevenson, in circumstances similar to McCarthy's, would have been so "irresponsible" as to challenge a President from his own party who persisted in waging a senseless war. One's doubts that Stevenson would have been do not so much diminish one's respect for him as simply increase it for McCarthy.

A man presented for the Presidency, McCarthy said in 1968, "should understand that this country does not so much need leadership, because the potential for leadership in a free country must exist in every man an every woman. He must be prepared to be a kind of channel for those desires and those aspirations, perhaps giving some direction to the movement of the country largely by the way of setting free." McCarthy seems in this collection of essays and appreciations, as well as in his previous works, to proceed from an analogous conception of the proper way to exercise the Office of Writer. Indeed, so quiet, so uninflected is his voice; so muffled, so tentative, his conclusions; that not even the somewhat too familiar flash of his wit is enough to rouse one entirely from distraction; and yet still somehow one is drawn fitfully into his (as he deemed it in 1968) "constituency of conscience," there to glimpse such sensible notions as the appointing of non-lawyers to the Supreme Court, and to experience the strange and curiously liberating effect produced by a politician so like a free man.

McCarthy is doubtless correct in supposing that the two-party system is not beyond challenge. "The two-party

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system can be defended," he writes, "only if the parties themselves are responsive to the needs of the country and if they give the people a choice on major issues affecting the country." By this high standard, the recent record is certainly not encouraging. "In fact," McCarthy continues, "a coalition might result in better government. For example, had the choice of a President been thrown into the House of Representatives in 1968, the House might have made as good a choice as that made by the minority of voters who elected Richard Nixon. A formal and identifiable coalition in the House and Senate might work better than the floating coalitions which now mark the Congress." True, a coalition might result in better government; but also true, it might not. Richard Nixon is perhaps not the only menace to be avoided; Adolph Hitler, it will be recalled, was appointed chancellor with a coalition cabinet in which the Nazis were in a minority. One is a little reminded of Ambrose Bierce's distinction between a conservative and a liberal, the former being "A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others."

Nevertheless, McCarthy may be onto something. Can it be true that the compromising, moderating and unifying effects long regarded as among the principal virtues of our two-party system are becoming less necessary than they used to be? McCarthy evidently suspects so, for he writes: "A two-party system may be a device that makes immature democracy work, but it is less necessary in a mature democracy; that is, one with more democratic procedures and a better-informed electorate." If that is so, and if, even as the influence of old-fashioned political machines wanes, the "consuming purpose of American parties" remains, in the late Clinton Rossiter's words, "to create an electoral majority rather than doctrinal unity, to win power rather than to use it," then, as McCarthy says, discontent could well manifest itself in a successful independent or third-party effort, if not in the near future, then just beyond.

Still, there continue to be those, among them scholars like Herbert S. Parmet and James MacGregor Burns, who hope to see the Democratic party made more responsible, more disciplined, more fit to govern. Ironically, were this to happen, a result might be to provoke one or more additional parties into existence; but if the transformation were truly a success, that is, if the Democratic party did become, and demonstrate that it was, more fit to govern, then, presumably, the strength of any newborn parties would be negligible.

Parmet, despite his dilligence and good intentions, is, I am afraid, of little use in contemplating these matters. Part of the difficulty is that he has attempted to cast his history of the Democratic party since 1945 in the form of a chronological narrative, a form to which it seems little suited. The rest of the difficulty is that he writes poorly. The result is mind-numbing. Still, perhaps it is worth noting that he concludes, "The Democrats were showing every indication of maturing from the pragmatic progresssivism of the New Deal that had inspired their modern foundations and were becoming, instead, intellectually devoted to giving substance to the rhetoric that Democrats are the party that 'care about people.' Instead of debilitating programs designed for the sake of keeping everybody within the 'big tent,' they would have to substitute demonstrated leadership capable of coping with the domestic and international conditions in a manner consistent with the best interest of their constituents. The formulation of such policies would have to become a prime party responsibility. No other agency could be expected to do the job for the nation."

The much more articulate Burns is much less sanguine about Democratic maturity: ". . . (T)he cardinal question about the two major parties today is not whether they can help govern but whether they can even survive." Burns tries, at one point, to decide if a "President" Edward Kennedy would seek to realign and modernize the Democratic party, and finally concludes, none too persuasively, that Kennedy would (but, Burns adds, the odds would be against his succeeding). "In another decade," Burns notes, "the Democratic party may have deteriorated to a point beyond resuscitation."

Speculation about what Kennedy as President might attempt or accomplish seems now, of course, if not entirely irrelevant, then nearly so. And this condition is not improved by Burns' effort to locate Kennedy in terms of "the flawed legacy of Camelot," a conception which upon elaboration proves so wanting in judgment and even taste, as to make it difficult to regard Burns' study, for all its impressive thoughtfulness, as truly a serious one. Still, he does perform a service by reminding us of how useful a senator Kennedy apparently has become and of how little the tragedy of Chappaquiddick really tells us about him. Indeed, for all the labors of Burns and of how many others, for all of the innumerable words which have poured forth to tell us about this Kennedy, it is remarkable how indistinct a figure he remains, only seeming to come somewhat into focus when he is awfully suffering or bearing witness against violence; it is almost as if somehow he does not fully exist, except as a creation of others.

Kennedy and his brothers were uncertain, back in late 1960, if he should run in 1962 for the Senate, but one man, as Burns notes, was sure: their father, Joseph. The elder Kennedy's portrait, well and justly done, hangs in Francis Russell's gallery of "President makers," eight men without whom eight other men would not have become President. That this indispensability should entitle Russell's subjects to be thought of as "makers" of Presidents is a conceit not to be taken, in every case, entirely seriously; yet it is fully adequate to serve as frame for this incisive and entertaining exercise in History-as-Journalism.

One brisk day in October, 1902, as Russell tells us, George Harvey, conservative Democrat and editor of *Harper's Weekly*, sat at the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as president of

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Princeton University, and listened for the first time to the man, likewise then a conservative Democrat, whom he later would "make" President of the United States. "Harvey listened with the rapt attentiveness of a convert at a revival meeting, and, like any convert, his moment of enlightenment was the culmination of a long series of psychological effects. Through the years he had grown convinced that the Democratic party had become 'an odds and ends patchwork of theories and expediencies, tainted with Populism, haunted by Bryanesque wildness, unfit to govern since the Civil War.' Cleveland had been elected in spite of the party. What the Democrats needed was a candidate to be elected *with* the party. Only a southerner, one acceptable to the North, could lead such a renewal party, restore it to its old preeminence, return it to its great heritage of before the war." As it turned out, of course, Harvey ended up hating Wilson. There must be similarly conservative men today, listening to the former governor of Georgia. Much, including not least the future of the Democratic party, may depend on how it turns out.

BOOKS

REBUTTING THE ANTI-TECHNOLOGISTS

JOHN P. SISK

The Existential Pleasures of Engineering

SAMUEL C. FLORMAN

St. Martin's Press, $7.95

Samuel C. Florman's book, like so many others written during the past ten or fifteen years, is a reassessment after a traumatic event prior to which it was inconceivable and after which it, or something like it, seemed inevitable. In the church the event was Vatican II: nationally, it was the Vietnam war; culturally, it was the psychedelic revolution and the assertion of the counter-culture; economically, it was the discovery, or rediscovery, of scarcity lurking behind the mask of affluence. Such watershed points in time do not necessarily result in books as good as Mr. Florman's; indeed, to judge from the recent past, they are all too likely to produce books that quickly embarrass many of their early enthusiasts. Witness the fate of Charles A. Reich's *The Greening of America* and Richard Neville's *Play Power*.

For Mr. Florman, the present Dark Age, in which the engineer has become a favorite whipping boy for many of the discontents of civilization, dates from President Truman's announcement early in 1950 that work was about to begin on the hydrogen bomb. Prior to this moment engineers had for more than a century enjoyed a Golden Age of technical accomplishment and unquestioned prestige. Mr. Florman has taken on the near-Herculean task of explaining not simply how Golden Age became Dark Age but of persuading his readers that the engineer's current bad reputation "is based on a misapprehension of the engineer's experience."

> *All about us the sense of disenchantment with technology appears to be growing. No one who is interested in the engineering profession—least of all those of us who are engineers—can ignore the fall of the engineer from the dizzying heights he once occupied. Sometimes it is easy to forget what has happened, since we engineers are all busy, our successes are many, and the majority of the people still seem to treat us as pretty respectable citizens. But there can be no denying that, with the coming of the environmental crisis, our relationship to society has changed. We cannot—should not—pretend that it has not happened, or that a hundred space spectaculars can restore things to what they were.*
>
> —The Existential Pleasures of Engineering

To do this he must take on a familiar group of antitechnologists: Jacques Ellul, Lewis Mumford, Herbert Marcuse, Theodore Roszak, René Dubos, Charles A. Reich and John McDermott—to say nothing of a legion of recalcitrant counter-culturists, disillusioned Marxists and impassioned ecologists, for whom to be against technology is to be on the side of the best of all angels. Considered *en masse*, this opposition, as has become clear enough in the past decade, is formidable indeed. Mr. Florman must pick up where C. P. Snow left off and do battle once again with an adversary convinced—as Noel Aman has recently remarked of the Oxford wits and the Bloomsbury group, but which with a few modifications might be said of American literary intellectuals as well—"that the career of moneymaking, industry, business, profits, or efficiency is a despicable life in which no sane and enlightened person should be engaged."

Mr. Florman's rebuttal of the antitechnologists is the strongest part of his book. His own two-culture background (he is a Dartmouth engineer with a master's degree in English literature from Columbia) gives him an almost unfair advantage over adversaries who belong in a class that remains in great part just as one-cultured as Alfred North Whitehead said it was fifty

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years ago. Thus he is able to enlist in his cause such figures as Homer, Goethe, Whitman, Henry Adams, Peter Viereck, Arthur Koestler, William Golding and Antoine de St. Exupéry who might be assumed to be in the other camp. More importantly, he is in a position to see the elitist and conservative spirit that associates so easily with the fear of technology: that hankering after a unanimous, harmonious and basically pastoral state of affairs that makes it so easy to overlook the inseparability of problem-solving and problem-creating.

I suspect that it is the mix of engineer and literary intellectual in Florman that protects him from the literary man's tendency to be beguiled by visions of harmony. Thus he is able to write knowledgeably, even passionately, of the esthetic pleasures of engineering without forgetting that "the joy of engrossment in the mechanical, like all the existential pleasures of life, has the possibility of becoming a destructive obsession." He faults his fellow engineers along with the antitechnologists for their "failure to recognize that life is complex." His own vision is ironic; hence a technological optimist like Buckminster Fuller is no more acceptable to him than a pessimist like Ellul. Roszak with his "visionary commonwealth" ignore's man's irrationality no less than Golden Age engineering philosophers have ignored it in the past. Man must be accepted as he is; there will be no utopias; "human beings are too varied, too fickle, and too willful." Therefore he recommends that the engineer study the liberal arts: they will "rob him of his innocence, stain his character, make him less 'moral'—or, at least, less naive."

Florman is aware that the disenchantment with the engineer has to be understood in relation to the historical causes of larger disenchantments, but he chooses not to push very far back into the past, and is not much concerned with the theological and religious dimensions of his subject. He is therefore in no position to confront the assertion that Christianity itself must bear much of the responsibility for runaway technology and the ecological crisis. This charge, especially as it appears in Lynn White Jr.'s 1967 essay "The Historical Roots of Our Ecological Crisis," has put a powerful weapon in the hands of Florman's adversaries. Thomas Sieger Derr assesses White's argument in a *Worldview* essay (January, 1975) and finds it "deeply tinged with elitist, antidemocratic values" and all too easily available to "romantic technology-haters ready to abandon centuries of civilization." Derr's essay needs to be read as an appendix to Florman's book, if for no other reason than to claim territory for it that might otherwise have to be abandoned to the enemy.

Liberation, Revolution and Freedom: Theological Perspectives

EDITED BY
THOMAS M. McFADDEN

Seabury, $9.95

God of the Oppressed

JAMES H. CONE

Seabury, $9.95

DOROTHY DOHEN

These are two of the growing bibliographic additions to the theology of liberation, or theologizing on liberation movements. *Liberation, Revolution and Freedom* is a collection of essays given originally as papers at the 1974 meeting of the College Theology Society. Like any collection, some papers appear to have greater value than others; a few address themselves to the central concerns of the theology of liberation, others appear peripheral to it.

Among the more valuable essays are Francis P. Forenza's, which does an excellent job of distinguishing political theology, which originated in highly industrialized, secularized Germany, from liberation theology, which has grown up in Latin America where the Church is still a power and where the "privatization of faith," so marked in the European context, does not fit the social reality. Forenza lucidly recounts the main themes of the theologians of liberation whose thought was stimulated by the social, political and economic oppression of Latin America, and of the political theologians, whose theology developed as a criticism of the existential theologians' focus on personal anxiety to the neglect of political structures. This essay can serve as an excellent introduction to both political theology and liberation theology for neophyte spectators who have trouble identifying players let alone keeping score in the current theological games.

The concluding section of *Liberation, Revolution and Freedom* presents the thought of two theologians who have been highly critical of liberation theology. James Gaffney, in a generally sympathetic account of the writings of Jacques Ellul, does a service to that French Protestant theologian by summarizing his sometimes-stringent criticism of Christian proponents of revolution in the context of his (Ellul's) own intense political and social involvements. (Ellul, it should be noted, foresaw the plays of the theologians of liberation years before they even thought of them.) Francis J. Reilly evaluates the thought of the Swedish theologian Gustaf Wingren, especially Wingren's negative judgment of liberation theology, and points out some of the inconsistencies of Wingren's own theological position. In a final essay William J. Sullivan looks at the idea of poverty, in the context of the beatitudes and in the tradition of the Church, and raises the question whether Christians in their current concern for the problem of the poor and oppressed of the world are not misconceiving the solution. "To make the poor and the oppressed wealthy and powerful is simply to create a new caste of oppressors." "Some Christian theorists now seem to suggest that the goal of charity is to make the recipient as invulnerable as the giver," whereas to Sullivan, "Christian love demands the giving of self so that one becomes as vulnerable as the person assisted."

There are several essays taking up

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themes tangential to liberation theology, such as the ethics of violence and non-violence, and the psychological origins of violence and non-violence, and the psychological origins of violence and revolution. The meaning of personal freedom in the Zen Buddhist and Roman Catholic traditions is explored by Silvio E. Pittipaldi. In the one it is enlightenment; in the other it is salvation. But whether one is a Christian or a Zen Buddhist, "What he is, in the end, is himself, a self which is unattached to his condition, yet who can also be passionately concerned about that very condition. He is free." How this relates to liberation theology, Pittipaldi does not say, but his essay might possibly stimulate creative thinking in liberation theology which unhappily has become banal rather quickly.

Letty Russell's discussion of themes of feminist theology, Carl Starkloff's insightful comments on the American Indian religion, and James H. Cone's essay on black liberation specify the relation of liberation theology to liberation movements. The latter essay is a brief version of some of the thoughts Cone develops in greater depth, and with greater indication of their complexity, in *God of the Oppressed.*

Cone, Professor of Theology at Union Theological Seminary, has written previous books on the relationship of black theology to black power and on the place of the black spirituals in the religion and life of black people. *God of the Oppressed* seems to have been written out of Cone's concern to clarify his theology in the face of criticisms from both black and white theologians, and in response to members of his own community who see both religion and theology as irrelevant to the black struggle. Incidentally, the reader should not overlook the valuable notes in the back of the book; in them Cone gives some of his most telling responses to his critics, as well as makes some of his most interesting comments in "throw-away" lines this reviewer wishes he had developed.

God of the Oppressed gives the social context out of which black theology has arisen, a context where oppressed people fanned their faith in a liberating God and kept their hope of freedom alive through hymns and spirituals and folk tales. Cone indicts white theologians for being concerned about issues which have no relationship to black people, and urges that they look to black folk religion for a living expression of the theological concerns they should investigate.

This reviewer found herself profoundly moved by *God of the Oppressed*, but highly critical of Professor Cone's line of argument. He is too sophisticated a thinker and scholar not to know that white theologians are equally removed from the concerns of *white* folk religion. Similarly, in his eagerness to answer Freud, Durkheim, Feuerbach and other critics of religion who dismissed it as only a projection, he argues that they could do this because they never saw the living religion of the black community. But did they ever see the living religion of the *white* community? The dichotomies are there, certainly, but they are not as Cone states them.

Other theologians before Cone have learned theological concern at their mother's knee (I am aware of my white self-righteousness in noting that Cone protests too much that where he learned his was at the Macedonia, Arkansas, A.M.E. Church). Cone can't dismiss Augustine and Monica so easily—but he does. In the end one is silenced by Cone; one is painfully aware that in his book there is no transcendence of race by Christianity. We are still slave or free, still white or black, still not one in Christ Jesus.

And whose fault is that? Not chiefly Cone's. He is right that white theologians—Barth, Bultmann, etc.—have not been influenced by black oppression. But reading his book, I kept thinking of the one white theologian who was. And I kept wishing history had been different and that James Cone had been at Union Theological at another time—in the school year 1931-1932 when another theologian was resident there, spent his free time working with the people of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, went back to bring to German seminarians the fruit of black religion in his recordings of Negro spirituals, and went on to fight oppression and die a martyr to it. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, according to his biographer Eberhard Bethge, was troubled by what he saw as the (unconscious) hypocrisy of American theologians in condemning Nazism while remaining largely untroubled by the oppression of American blacks.

How much Bonhoeffer the theologian learned from American blacks I don't know. But with Bonhoeffer, I am sure, Cone has an affinity which he ought to investigate. Bonhoeffer wrote:

> "Men go to God when he is sore bestead,
> Find him poor and scorned, without shelter or bread . . .
> Christians stand by God in his hour of grieving."

And Cone, in turn, writes: "Although the continued existence of black suffering offers a serious challenge to the biblical and black faith, it does not negate it. The reason is found in Jesus Christ who is God's decisive Word of liberation in our experience that make it possible to struggle for freedom because we know that God is struggling too."

The Friends of Richard Nixon

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Atlantic, Little-Brown, $10.95

ISIDORE SILVER

George Higgins' literary prototypes appear to be Jimmy Breslin and Murray Kempton; unfortunately, any attempt to blend those dissimilar styles (which might be called "low" and "high dudgeon") runs and even doubles the risks of both crudeness and pretentiousness. Style and content are not divorced, as Kempton's sophisticated pirouettes have consistently demonstrated—and Higgins is not the most graceful essayist on any level. Beyond that, he is an intellectual smartass and the book's style consistently elevates complexity to flaccidity and even dis-

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ingenuousness. For instance, the title is doubtlessly meant to arouse the reader knowledgeable about the author's first book into a smug recognition of a certain symmetry; the analogy is false, for while Eddie Coyle's friends did him in, Richard Nixon's went to the well for an ingrate president. If this were all to the book, then Higgins' critics, most of whom have excoriated this foolishness, would be right. But, what "saves" the book and gives it value is the author's ability to use his prosecutorial "smarts" to analyze—or shrewdly guess at—the bizarre dimensions of the repellent enterprise labeled Watergate.

Presumably, dissection of the mechanics of the coverup constituted one purpose—not, apparently, the primary one—of the tome. The other and major reason—the one which has agitated a legion of commentators—is the attempt to debunk some of the mythology about the nature of the law enforcement and criminal justice processes that broke the case. To concentrate on this is to overlook Higgins' ability to retell what, in all its intricacy, is not that familiar a story. The coverup involved multiple plots, subplots, and obstructions of justice, all of which became a seamless web—to the public. Although Higgins narrates the account from John Dean's perspective, he tells us not only what the President knew (and, in Senator Baker's unmemorable phrase, "when he knew it"), but what the conspirators, especially Dean, knew, didn't know, and suspected as the long months dragged on. Apart from marring the narrative with a few crude neo-Breslinisms such as "What bullshit" in reference to a tedious Nixon speech on Watergate, Higgins ably provides a running account of both events and motives.

The ability to sustain the multiple narrative (and to pungently comment upon what participants are "really" saying through various semantic fogs) results in certain provocative judgments—John Mitchell "had little to do with management of the coverup. . . . There was evidently no one in the administration who could compel him to perform even that menial assistance to the program of covering up what he, after all, had instigated." Higgins then guesses that everybody was afraid of the Big Enchilada and that "the reason for their fear was so great that it was never confided to Dean, or discussed during the recorded conversations that have been released." Higgins does not mention Mitchell's constant allusions to the "White House Horrors" during the Ervin Committee hearings, not all of which have been revealed. Undoubtedly, other chilling stories await either further revelations from the tapes or the Great Stonewall's autobiography. Beyond tantalizing insights such as these, much of the book *is* persiflage.

Take the putative vindication of Messrs. Silbert and Petersen. Higgins describes the former's perplexity when all of the original burglars refused to talk, a singularly improbable circumstance when criminals are caught redhanded. Why wasn't Silbert suspicious rather than merely surprised? Why did he acquiesce to the CREEP lawyers' demands to sit in on interviews with that ill-starred organization's employes? Higgins' bizarre, tenuous, and wholly incomplete explanation attributes this gross breach of prosecutorial tradition to "the democrats, and the Common Cause liberals" (who were suing CREEP).

Petersen's generosity in permitting Maurice Stans to testify privately rather than before the grand jury is almost skipped; Petersen's comment to Dean that Jeb MacGruder got through his (early) grand jury stint "by the skin of his teeth" evokes not even a passing comment.

Higgins is scornful of the performance of the reputed "heroes" of Watergate, Sirica and the Ervin Committee (he omits discussion of the Woodstein endeavor). Yet, for all the high-minded generalities about the necessity for judges not to be prosecutors, for committee lawyers to ask pointed and probing rather than flabby questions, for prosecutors not to smear the presumably innocent, he is as ambiguous about the "system" as are the rest of us. While prosecutors should "react" to crimes rather than aggressively "target" (i.e. seek out) public enemies, he admits that "the passive model" of law enforcement, though generally acceptable in ordinary crime, "is not so good" "for conspiracies, frauds, rackets and such like." Beyond some flip generalizations, he does not explore the implications of his sketchily stated positions about Power, Role, and Function of various actors within the criminal justice system. At times, he seems to relish his own quixoticness, but does not quite believe what he is saying. Like William Buckley, he perceives himself to be outrageous when he is merely nit-picking.

On balance, the score is about 60-40 in favor of the perceptive surgical job performed upon the President ("Rage did not wither, or custom stale, his infinite variety as a liar") and his friends. As for most of the remaining 40%—"What bullshit." But, we shall need even Higgins' flawed accomplishment in the days ahead—for Richard Nixon is once again threatening to inflict his egregious presence upon a Nation which, like the children he once deigned to call us, may not fully remember some relatively recent White House Horrors.

Jesus: The Man Who Lives

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Harper & Row, $17.95

The Challenge of Jesus

JOHN SHEA

Thomas More, $7.50

RALPH McINERNY

It cannot be said that ours is a time when interest in Jesus is in decline. The quality of that interest, to be sure, in many cases, leaves much to be desired, and it is not the least merit of Malcolm Muggeridge's excellent book that he is able to account for this. He begins his own with a reference to Renan's *Vie de Jésus* which dates from the early 19th Cen-

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tury. Renan wrote his book in the Holy Land and Muggeridge found his own interest, and faith, quickened by the experience of making a television documentary film of the life of Jesus on location. That pretty well exhausts the similarity between Muggeridge and Renan *et hoc genus omne.*

With Renan, Jesus becomes an object of sentimentality, not of faith; someone whose bent and style contrast with those of John the Baptist, that austere and prophetic precursor. "Here, Renan opened a rich vein which has been heavily worked, especially of late, to the point that Jesus is commonly believed today to have consorted largely with whores, drunkards and rogues of one sort and another. This impression has been so effectively conveyed that it requires quite an effort to recall how, according to the Gospels, Jesus spent most of his time in the company of his disciples, who, as far as we know, were impeccably respectable. . ." (p. 12) Muggeridge puts his finger on what has happened. "When faith goes, sentimentality rather than scepticism fills the resultant vacuum; and there is not so much a suspension of belief as a readiness to believe anything. Jesus deposed from Godhead becomes Jesus Superstar, an infinitely less credible figure." (p. 40) Facing the page on which the last remark is found is Millais' *Christ in the House of His Parents.*

For there are illustrations, dozens of them, beautifully reproduced, many in color. The book is, in format, a gift book, a coffee table book. In substance, it is a personal testimonial, a profession of the author's Christian belief. How better convey the nature of that faith than to tell again the life of Christ, who he was, what he taught, his continuing role in history? Born of a Virgin, divine and human, apolitical, a wonder worker who deprecated his own miracles, Christ died on the cross and rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven and from thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead. It is the traditional faith, as articulated in the creeds that

(Continued on page 474)

GROWING UP CATHOLIC

JOHN GARVEY

When I went to grade school much of our religious instruction came from an old Italian priest who didn't spend much time on the Incarnation, but talked quite a lot about the devil's dark thumbprints on St. Gemma Galgani's prayerbook. He also told us about his own encounters with the devil, who was about the size of an elephant and who spoke on one occasion from the closet, trying (in vain, it turned out) to dissuade the priest from saying a Hail Mary. Because I want my children to have something of the same funky background I send them to a parochial school, and like other parents I have wondered what they teach there these days.

Recently I spent some time looking through a number of religious texts currently in use in Catholic schools. Then I read the already notorious National Opinion Research Center study, *Catholic Schools in a Declining Church.* The impression left by all of this reading is that things are being handled at school level better than we have any right to expect; at the national level Catholic education faces grave dangers, which the NORC study delineates with uncomfortable clarity.

First, the texts. There are some real problems with a few of the new catechetical approaches, though on balance the problems are probably fewer than they were in the old days of the Baltimore catechism, and there is encouraging news in recent statistics which show that the best series are being used in more schools than the worst ones. The worst books I saw —let's get them out of the way— were *Father McGuire's New, Modern Catechism: Know, Love and Serve* (Prow) and *Your Right to Be Informed* (Daughters of St. Paul). Both are unattractively produced and unimaginatively written. Fr. McGuire's book shows the soul before grace as an empty milk bottle, after grace as a full milk bottle, and the soul in venial sin is a milk bottle with spots. *Your Right to Be Informed* edifies high school students with the old chestnut about the girl who let her religious practices slide and who, as a result, wound up succumbing to the back seat advances of a high school athlete. Here's the end, in case you've forgotten it: "About twenty hours later, a curious passerby found the couple locked in death's embrace, apparently victims of carbon monoxide poisoning. She had a beautiful funeral. Radiant in white, she lay peacefully in her coffin; her folded hands held a mother-of-pearl rosary and two white orchids. But Christ looked beneath the rosary and two white orchids to her soul!"

This sort of thing is, happy to relate, the exception these days. More typical is *Act* (part of Benziger's *The Word is Life* series), which includes a number of brightly illustrated fables and stories from diverse sources, all aimed at developing in a third-grade audience an understanding of morality. *Sacrament of Peace* (Paulist) explains the meaning of penance to seven- and eight-year-olds; the tone is hopeful, the emphasis on the power of God's love to reconcile us. *The Pearl and the Seed* (Allyn & Bacon) is designed for high school students. It has its awkward moments—there are some embarrassing dialogue presentations, and a revisionist view of church history crops up occasionally: when the ritual exorcism which was common in some sectors of the early

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church is presented by an imagined Cyril of Jerusalem as "a ceremony that dramatizes a quiet and persistent shedding of old habits and ways that would mar the new Christian way of life," the authors, while they may be pointing out something important, slide too easily over the fact that Cyril believed in real demons. Still, the series is on the whole very well done. The topics it chooses to deal with and the periods of church history chosen as illustrations are handled interestingly, and it is good to see the church presented not as an institution to which one belongs, passively, but rather as heroic challenge.

Life/Love/Joy (Silver Burdett) is a look at comparative religion, prepared for seventh graders. It is generally decent, but gets sloppy in important places. Great religious leaders, for instance, are compared—really!—to Jonathan Livingston Seagull, who searched for "the meaning of it all" and "broke through the superficial limits of routine and discovered how extraordinary the ordinary life of man really is." *The Spirit of Life* (Sadlier) is weaker. A preparation for confirmation, it is based on an apparent equation of psychological growth with Christianity. It offers, for example, a list of endings to the sentence beginning "I follow Jesus because . . ." The endings include such choices as "I need to be happy," "I need to know I am important," "I need to care about others and be cared about," etc.; the student is invited to pick two, and explain "why you think following Jesus would fulfill these two needs." The problem with this approach is that Christianity is not, after all, about the fulfillment of needs at this level. "He who seeks his life will lose it" really has to be dumbed down to get it to the level of "I need to know I am important." When the attention which should be given to an understanding of church history, scripture, and the sacramental nature of the church is given instead to glowing self-evaluations, the product is bound to be a crop of uninformed Christians, and probably a number of ex-Christians: once they meet healthy and sensitive agnostics our children will wonder why they should bother to stick with symbols these other people do without, if the major purpose of the symbols is to produce simple human equilibrium.

Another problem is that some series which could be used very well by a good teacher depend *too* heavily on the teacher's creativity. Texts ought to be designed by people who realize that a good many of the teachers who use them are little more than baby-sitters with degrees and large captive audiences; what little a student absorbs in such a class will, in all likelihood, come *only* from the text. An example of this is the *Inquire and Believe* high school "mini course," *What's Now About Forever* (Winston Press). The topic is immortality. In the hands of a creative teacher it could be very exciting—it uses such varied things as selections from Job, Emily Dickinson, *Measure for Measure*, intelligent inquiries and game situations to raise good questions about the meaning of life and human value. (I did find one question funny: "A gang of students is attacking a teacher behind the school . . . Would you intervene?" Where I went to school it would certainly depend on the teacher.)

Catholic Schools in a Declining Church, by Andrew Greeley, William C. McCready, and Kathleen McCourt (Sheed & Ward, $15) is a very important book. The NORC findings which link *Humanae Vitae* with a decline in Catholic allegiance have overshadowed some other significant findings, one of which is that Catholic religious decline would probably have been much worse if it were not for the positive effects of post-Vatican II Catholicism; another is that lay Catholics continue to back the idea of Catholic education and are more than willing to support Catholic schools. The book shows the importance of Catholic schools in developing an adult sense of Catholicism, and it recommends lay control of the schools. This, Greeley believes, is what the bishops fear. He makes a strong case for all of these points. For those who are initially put off by the sociological jargon and the graphs, my advice is to go first to the conclusion, go back from there to the data at the front of the book, and read Greeley's afterword next. The book shows that "Catholic schools seem to be more important to a church in transition than to a stable church," and offers the sensible observation that "one should not abandon an institution that produces a certain desirable effect unless one is certain that there is available another institution that will produce *at least* the same effect."

Greeley blames some of the decline of Catholic education on "the Catholic Intelligentsia" ("When *Commonweal* carries an article entitled 'Why I Sent My Children Back to Catholic Schools' we will know the intelligentsia has turned the corner") but he feels obliged to do this in every book. Don't let it keep you from reading this one which, if the church in America were a more open society, would not be the subject of episcopal disdain but rather a call to action which contains some hopeful news. The Catholic schools have been too important to the church in America to let them go down the drain. If the best of the religious texts are at all indicative of their creative resources, they are continuing to do a good job, against rough odds. Greeley believes that the bishops are allowing a great resource "to waste away—all the while protesting a total commitment to it." He is angry about this, and he is right to be. I hope people listen to him.

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we find here. Muggeridge clearly loves the Gospels; he cherishes their surface inconsistencies, their patent lack of editorial finish, their quantitative bias in the direction of the final days of Jesus. No fundamentalist, Muggeridge acknowledges Scripture scholarship without permitting it to become an impediment. In short, Muggeridge has, perhaps partly *malgré lui-même,* written a work of edification.

Not that Muggeridge aficionados will be disappointed. There is the distinctively Muggeridge voice, the Old Man quite audible in the New. Evelyn Waugh became convinced that the only way he could continue to live in England was to imagine himself a tourist there. Muggeridge has been cultivating a similar attitude towards earth in general and his preferred tone is that of one reporting from Apocalyptic ruins; he has been reading the signs of the last days with lugubrious relish for some time. "It has become abundantly clear in the second half of the twentieth century that Western Man has decided to abolish himself. Having wearied of the struggle to be himself, he has created his own boredom out of his own affluence, his own impotence out of his own erotomania, his own vulnerability out of his own strength . . . until at last, having educated himself into imbecility, and polluted and drugged himself into stupefaction, he keels over, a weary, battered old brontosaurus, and becomes extinct." (p. 33) With Muggeridge presumably looking on dry-eyed, perhaps even grinning.

Of course Muggeridge's world-weariness is a familiar disguise. How many are so productive and vital at his now patriarchal age? To be a Christian is to discount this world, to see it as the enemy, to renounce it. But "world" is ambiguous and it is the paradox of Christianity that it gives back what it has taken away. And of course it is in this world that we must work out our salvation. Muggeridge recognizes (p. 93) that the impulse to apocalyptic utterance, like that to utopian fantasies, is self-indulgent, even vulgar. One of the most lyrical passages of the book recounts the preciousness and attractiveness creatures and quotidian activities take on for the man of faith. "Love calls us to the things of this world," as Richard Wilbur observed. Half in love with easeful death? Not even half.

Virgin Birth, Hypostatic Union, Trinity, Resurrection—the faith of Malcolm Muggeridge is as solid and old-fashioned as one would expect, though he confesses difficulties with Transubstantiation. Furthermore, his attitude toward the visible or institutional church is equivocal, though he has no difficulty at all accepting the reality of the devil. What we expect from Muggeridge, and what we get, is the caustic dismissal of all efforts to commend Christ by pandering to the zeitgeist, to twist his message to some current and evanescent purpose. These barbs are always subservient to the main end and Muggeridge is not concerned to score off others. He reveals himself to be a witty, sophisticated, knowledgeable modern, no longer recusant, wistful for lost innocence, marvelously possessed of a strong and peasant faith. "Either Jesus never was or he still is. As a typical product of these confused times, with a sceptical mind and a sensual disposition, diffidently and unworthily, but with the utmost certainty, I assert that he still is." (p. 191)

> *The only antidote to the poison from Caesar's laurel crown comes from Jesus's crown of thorns. He alone can deliver us from the monstrosities and buffooneries of power, as has been discovered by the most perceptive spirits of our time, such as Solzhenitsyn. Faced with power at its most unbridled and most brutal, they turn for help and comfort, not to Universal Declarations of Human Rights and other pronouncements, solemn undertakings, Covenants and Charters in a similar vein, but to the man wearing a crown of thorns, decked out in a red robe of absurdity and with a court of jeering soldiers.*
>
> —Jesus: The Man Who Lives

Father Shea's *The Challenge of Jesus* suffers the fate of the faithful son when a flashy prodigal like Malcolm Muggeridge comes home; the fat of this review being already served, only the lean remains. Shea's book is more overtly erudite than Muggeridge's and he does those awful things to the language that scholars do. He begins with an odd contrast between theology and faith, seems irenic to a fault, if only intermittently, and then gets down to his main concern which is to show the way in which Christ challenges us to repent, to celebrate, to trust, to forgive and to love. If the book has a weakness it is Father Shea's attempt to be a broker among too many disparate and conflicting viewpoints. This reader suspects that he knows he cannot accommodate quite so much. The strength of the book is just the sense the reader has that Shea is a sensitive, informed guide, *in via* himself, a reassuringly priestly presence.

Natural Enemies

JULIUS HORWITZ

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $7.95

MARK TAYLOR

The fantastic in literature, as Sartre once observed in an essay on Kafka, does not merely juxtapose a strange person or an anomalous event and a familiar setting. Rather, "it is an entire world in which things manifest a captive, tormented thought, a thought both whimsical and enchained, that gnaws away from below at the mechanism's links without ever managing to express itself. . . . All is woe. Things suffer and tend toward inertia, without ever attaining it; the debased, enslaved mind unsuccessfully strives towards consciousness and freedom."

The fantastic is the improbable, even the unthinkable, raised to a way of life (or death), translated to a principle of existence (or non-existence). In *Natural Enemies*, Julius Horwitz' sev-

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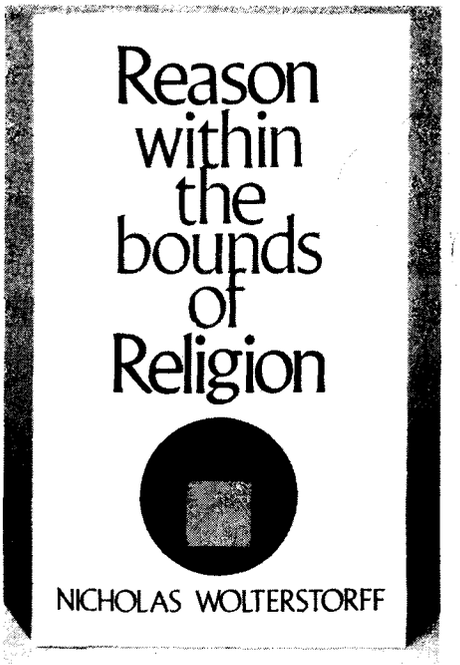
enth novel, the fantastic—the captive, tormented thought—is what one character calls "the insensate drift toward obliteration." This drift is partly visible in the felt necessity that drives Paul Steward to kill his wife, three children, and self, to allow no alternative into his perceived scheme of things, to contemplate nothing else during the day of that atrocity except other atrocities committed by other men on their families, those inexplicable acts of madness, or of awesome privacy, that burst on us from the morning papers and then pass as quickly as an odometer reading. "You said nobody could understand these killings except the men driven to them," Paul's wife Miriam tells him. Maybe and maybe not. I think that Mr. Horwitz would have us understand these killings as a distinctive feat of the contemporary will. "These killings have only started in modern times," says Paul, albeit in a passage rife with the adolescent mendacities to which he is prone. "They may be as recent as fifty years old."

Every reader of *Natural Enemies* who neglects the preëmptive copy on its dust jacket will have a natural desire to learn what Paul Steward's surname is by the time it finally appears on the book's last page. And what it, Steward, is can't be an accident: putative guardian of, custodian of, carer for self, family, profession, and community. Steward botches the job of steward; or he too liberally interprets the assignment; or he makes the best of a bad show. Always present is the hypothesis (though only one of several) that Paul's action, however sanguinary, may be the one right action. "And may we not say," Nietzsche asked, "that ethics has never lost its reek of blood and torture?" More to the point is a remark of Paul's friend, Rosenthal, a survivor of Auschwitz: "In the West we have made men believe they alone have a solitary and titular responsibility for their families. In some circumstances a man who feels he can no longer protect his family may kill his family to save them from further harm." Paul, who listens to Rosenthal, says that some men "think by killing their families they may be saving their families from pain and suffering and emptiness in a world falling down on their heads." And Miriam, who listens to Paul, says to him, "You said every man thinks about killing his family when the act of annihilation seems like the only solution."

Paul and Rosenthal met in Europe at the end of the war. It is the war that should have been the grotesquerie, but in fact everything was easy then, normal. "When we were young men in battle," Paul reflects, "there was Stalin to assassinate, Hitler, Mussolini, who else. Today there is no one to kill to set things right except ourselves." Paul's daughter Sheila knows the glories he has seen: "Daddy . . . you saw all of the good things." Afterwards, the good things fell apart. Men ran home from Europe and they kept running. "We were driven out of the city by an enemy population. We were the first batch of refugees from the city wars. We live a refugee existence. What we thought we had claim to, we gave up and fled." Paul's world, built of money, power, and prestige, is bereft of comfort and ideals: "The dream that sustained people through all kinds of nightmares, that dream that we were individuals, just doesn't work anymore." Without this dream some men, like Paul, will hurry their families into eternity.

A book like *Natural Enemies* can succeed only by persuading us, against our hopes, of the legitimacy of its protagonist's enterprise. What Paul Steward does need not appear inevitable, but as terrible as it may be to postulate such destruction in the abstract (and more so in the particular), neither can it appear unlikely. Paul's action cannot be an aberration, a caprice; it must be in accord, if not with universal laws, at least with circumstances that we recognize. It must show us that the whole social mechanism, in Sartre's words, is being gnawed away from below.

Sadly, *Natural Enemies* succeeds all too well. One wishes to reject the book's nihilism, the savagery of Paul's



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mission, even the relentlessness of Mr. Horwitz' perfectly supportive style: blocks of wrenching, excoriating monologue that spring up from commonplace stichomythic exchanges Paul and Miriam, Paul and Rosenthal, Paul and miscellaneous whores. One wishes to say it cannot be so, that it is fantastic in a sense quite different from Sartre's, that a man who murders his family is a madman, unlike the rest of us. One wishes to, but here one can't. The book convinces; it works to depressing effect. And yet there is something else as well. From beginning to end Paul is obsessed with his lack of freedom, with everyone's lack of freedom, with living after "the free life in America" has ended. Paul's sense of determinism is no illusion, but it may follow in part from his prior conviction of its existence. When it is too late for him to be helped, as it turns out, Paul recognizes that there might be a growth to real human maturity, painful but possible, that would free the will of its paralysis.

Turner

LUKE HERRMANN

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JEFFREY MEYERS

The Turner exhibition at the Royal Academy in London last year, which celebrated the bicentenary of the painter's birth, was a magnificent revelation of sixty years' continuous experimentation and of the astounding creativity that produced 19,000 sketches, hundreds of watercolors and 500 oil paintings. The Tate Gallery's paperback exhibition catalogue has fifty pages of text, 150 plates (24 in color) and 160 pages of notes on the plates, and seems a gift at less than $4. By contrast, Luke Herrmann's beautifully designed book on J. M. W. Turner also has a fifty-page introduction, which provides a general (though not original or definitive) commentary on the 190 larger plates (42 in color) and a brief account of Turner's life and work, but has only ten pages of notes on the plates and costs $37.50.

John Ruskin, who devoted the first two volumes of *Modern Painters* (1843-46) to a monumental defense of Turner's late work, called his friend, the son of a Convent Garden barber, "a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, Englishminded gentleman." Turner was totally absorbed by the urge to create and loved to astonish people by repainting his pictures as they hung in the Royal Academy the day before exhibition. He frequently painted with his fingers or the wooden end of his brush; and according to one witness, sometimes "began by pouring wet paint onto the paper until it was saturated. He tore, he scratched, he scrubbed it in a kind of frenzy and the whole thing was chaos. But gradually and as if by magic the lovely ship, with all its exquisite minutia, came into being."

Turner willingly risked his life to achieve the direct and immediate experience of the whirlwinds, avalanches, conflagrations and tempests that dominate his work. He witnessed the burning of the Houses of Parliament on October 16, 1834 from both sides of the Thames, made nine rapid watercolor sketches on the spot and then painted two apocalyptic oils (now in Philadelphia and Cleveland). Turner achieved his visionary and poetic effects not by the striking opposition of light and dark, but by the contrast of the cold, grey morning with the flame that burns like gold and bathes like blood.

A more spectacular example occurred when Turner, like Odysseus defying the Sirens, was lashed to the mast of a ship for several hours as a vivid preparation for his *Snowstorm* (1842). The buoyant and bending ship, caught up in the swirling vortex of this painting, reflects his preoccupation with the vivid effects of light and atmosphere in a raging sea and stormy sky, and with the hostility of the destructive natural forces that either reduce man to insignificance or obliterate him entirely.

Turner's *Slave Ship* (1840), which depicts the slavers throwing the dead and dying to the sharks as a typhoon approaches, was originally exhibited with a rather turgid poetic caption from his own fragmentary pessimistic epic, the *Fallacies of Hope*. (Though Turner's poetical faculties were limited, he was a fine illustrator of expensive editions of Milton, Scott and Byron.) The *Slave Ship* (now in Boston) was given to Ruskin as a present by his father, the sherry tycoon. But he found it too painful to live with "that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea."

Turner also portrayed the cataclysmic changes of the Industrial Revolution. One of his most famous paintings, *The Fighting Téméraire* (1838), evokes nostalgic patriotism by portraying the gallant man-of-war that had played a distinguished role under Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805, as she is ignominiously tugged to her last berth to be broken up. Thackeray, the art critic for *Fraser's Magazine*, described the little demon of a steamer, belching out a volume of malignant smoke, dragging to her last home the slow, sad and majestic old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. But Turner's exciting *Rain, Steam, Speed—The Great Western Railway* (1844), which is one

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REVIEWERS

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of the central pictures of the nineteenth century and prefigures Monet's *Gare Saint-Lazare*, records the dramatic effect of the tinted-steamed fiery monsters more ambiguously.

Turner, the contemporary of Constable and of Ingres, equaled the brilliance of the Venetian colorists, Titian and Giorgione, and transcended his first masters, Claude Lorrain and Aelbert Cuyp. It is ironic that the paintings which were most ridiculed in Turner's time—the *Snowstorm* was called "soapsuds and whitewash"—are today the most admired. For the freedom of space, subtlety of light and variety of color in Turner's late work (like the Norham Castle series) anticipate Monet's Impressionist paintings of Rouen cathedral, while Turner's lucid dissolution of form into pure color and light foreshadows the abstract works of the twentieth century. Turner represents the pinnacle of English art and, in the words of Ruskin, "is the greatest landscape painter who has ever lived."

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 451)

guilt and responsibility lies with Congress, particularly the committees which appropriate American funds for these countries. It is the particular responsibility of Congress to find out how our American tax dollars are being used when we so generously dole our money out to ruthless dictatorships.

Also, a great deal of this torture is being carried out in South America, in Catholic countries. Where is the strong voice of the Vatican to denounce it and excommunicate those who participate in it? Surely the Vatican has great influence in South America and if it encouraged all churchmen to take a strong stand in denouncing these practices it would carry a great deal of weight.

Where are the voices of American Catholic churchmen raised against torture? Some brave South American priests and nuns have been jailed and killed in their fight for justice, and they have received quite little support from their North American brethren.

I have been involved in a small way in trying to stop the torture and obtain the release from prison of a group in Paraguay which was jailed for trying to help the native Indians obtain a minimal degree of human rights. The project was called the Marandu Project and was financed by an American agency, the Inter-American Foundation. The leader of the project was an anthropologist with the Catholic University in Asuncion, Dr. Miguel Chase Sardi. His associates were Victorio Suarez, Mauricio Schwartzman and Gloria Estrago. Incontrovertable accounts of the torture of these people have come from eyewitnesses and yet our State Department continues to claim that they are being well treated and we continue to pour money into Paraguay. I am sure these people are a small percentage of the total number of political prisoners who are being tortured in Paraguay and throughout South America. A threat of the cutoff of funds from the U.S. to these countries would do a great deal to stop torture, and the President signed a bill in December enabling us to cut-off economic aid to countries which deny human rights to their citizens. Now all we have to do is get the State Dept. to admit torture exists and get Congress to cut off the aid.

Dr. Miguel Chase Sardi and his associates from the Marandu Project have been in jail and have been tortured since December. Several groups such as the International League for the Rights of Man, Amnesty International and others have been working since then to try to obtain their release with little success. Some members of Congress, such as Congressmen Drinan, Fraser and Abourezk have been sympathetic and have helped and we can only hope something will be done before they all die or commit suicide from despair at their plight.

We support so many of these people simply because they are anti-Communist, but in many ways they are as bad or worse than the Communists and we create fertile fields for Communism when we give money to dictatorships which oppress their people so completely. American money has a great deal of clout and when threatened to be withheld might make some of these people think twice. American corporations have also poured a large amount of money into South America and in some cases have perhaps overlooked the human oppression which their money is party to.

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If Mrs. McCarthy has any ideas which will help put a stop to torture, I am sure a great many of us would be interested in them. She has done a great service by calling attention to the matter, but where else can we go from here? VERA A. MCPHILOMY

REPLY: I think the reader may have overlooked my basic point: that the arousal of public opinion is basic to any change of policy and that that public opinion must come from the acceptance of personal responsibility by each one of us and the belief that human nature can be weaned from an accepted (and, horrible as it is, a pleasurable) evil. Only then can we expect action of our representatives.

ABIGAIL MC CARTHY

Labor Pains

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: Mr. Russell W. Gibbons, writing in the April 23, 1976 edition of your magazine, has gotten his facts wrong about the NLRB and the Diocese of Pittsburgh. The NLRB did *not* authorize or order a representational election in the Pittsburgh Catholic Schools. What did happen was that the Diocese of Pittsburgh, for and on behalf of Parish elementary schools in the Diocese, entered into an agreement with the two unions involved. By the terms of this agreement the unions withdrew their Petitions for an election before the NLRB and the schools agreed that an election would be held under the auspices of the American Arbitration Association and that they would abide by the results of that election. Through this agreement two very important principles were recognized: First, that the teachers in Parish schools, as guaranteed by the social teachings and encyclicals of the Church, have a right to be collectively represented if they so desire; Second, that the interposition of the NLRB between the Bishop and the Catholic people of Pittsburgh in an area which so closely effects the teaching authority of the Bishop would have been an unconstitutional entanglement by government with the free exercise of our religion. The agreement reached with the unions thus preserves both the social justice rights of the workers involved and the civil rights of the Catholic Church in Pittsburgh. The NLRB is not involved and neither ordered nor authorized an election. (REV.) ADAM J. MAIDA, J.D.

General Counsel
Diocese of Pittsburgh

Reply

Father Maida's letter reveals an interesting approach to the very real problem of dealing with the collective bargaining aspirations of Catholic lay teachers. To make what appears to be a broad Constitutional point, he particularizes about the recent elections in Pittsburgh's Catholic schools in which the offices of the National Labor Relations Board were voluntarily bypassed in order that the third-party (American Arbitration Association) could be utilized.

However, he declines to mention the significant landmark events which took place within the past year in at least four other cities in which other Catholic bishops have, if begrudgingly, placed their "civil rights" on the line by acknowledging, consenting to, or participating in NLRB elections and proceedings. And in a fifth, in Philadelphia, the involvement of another public agency (the Pennsylvania Labor Relations Board), some three years ago led toward ultimate jurisdiction by the NLRB and a decision by a Federal District Court which placed the question of representation before the Board, where it is today.

This, incidentally, was after the Pennsylvania LRB had found Philadelphia Cardinal Krol guilty of unfair labor practices, which seems to be no more uplifting to "the social justice rights of the workers involved" than the firing last March of the president of the Catholic Teachers Federation in Gary, Ind. because of "disloyalty to the bishop." Father Maida is presumably well aware of these developments as he is of the NLRB-conducted elections for Catholic teachers in the dioceses of Baltimore and Fort Wayne, Ind. The Catholic Teachers in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, who recently won such representation, are familiar with him as Father Maida was called upon at a Los Angeles Board hearing as a witness for the Archbishop prior to the election. And as an aftermath of his testimony, an NLRB election was ordered.

The Constitutional issue thus evaporates and the purported bulwark against the "entanglement by government" in Pittsburgh Catholic schools becomes somewhat hollow when it is *de facto* in several other cities. As with all employers, one would hope that the use of highly-placed legal counsel might be for the betterment of "the workers involved" rather than in efforts to prevent unionization through discredited tactics and legalisms peppered with encyclicals which are inoperative. RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

Left & Right in Chile

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

To the Editors: What is it about the Chilean junta that so agitates the liberal intelligentsia ["Protest in Chile," June 18]? All the crimes that the military of that troubled nation are allegedly guilty of can be laid at the door of Marxist regimes, yet these nations are rarely criticized in journals of the Left. Mr. Bono makes the assertion that 30,000 people have lost their lives during and after the September 11, 1973 coup. Yet in Cambodia it has been alleged that 500,000 persons have perished as a result of wrong-headed, criminal, Marxist agricultural policy. As a subscriber to *Commonweal,* I am still awaiting a critical dissection of the scoundrels running that nation.

The poor state of the Chilean economy is not due to the economic policy recommended by Mr. Friedman. It is a direct result of the wrecking job that the Allende gang performed upon the Chilean currency as a result of their hyper-inflationary economic program. Another reason for Chile's plight is the economic isolation caused by the clever propaganda campaign waged on Gen-

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eral Pinochet by the Marxists and their leftist allies.

Mr. Bono's reference to a similarity between General Pinochet and Franco is interesting. Indeed, there is a close parallel between Chile and Spain. Both nations have suffered, and beaten back, a ruthless Marxist power grab. The economies of both nations were left in ruins by this attempt. It should be remembered that it took Spain almost twenty years to recover from the depredations of Stalinist foreigners and traitors who almost conquered that gallant, Catholic nation. Since Chile halted the attempt promptly, she should recover faster than her Spanish brothers.

In conclusion, the blue-eyed General Pinochet may seem to be harsh on the Marxist enemy. However, the nature of that enemy may be learned by reading Alexander Solzhenitsyn's somber writings. The Cambodian deaths are a current reminder, should one be needed, that Marxism and its adherents have not changed one iota since Stalin's era. Once the body politic has been infected by the Marxist cancer, it must be ruthlessly extirpated if the patient is to survive. This is the real crime that the Chilean junta is guilty of in the eyes of the left. PETER J. MURPHY

Anti-Socialist

Hicksville, N.Y.

To the Editors: I'll bet it would be hard to find any Catholic college graduate of the thirties or forties or even the fifties who had not met Dorothy Day and admired the Catholic Worker movement. Then there was Father Keller and the Christophers and we studied, not just read the encyclicals. Yet the blessing of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee Mr. Cort admires so much [Mar. 26] would be a handicap to most candidates in the Catholic community.

I would even say the time is ripe for a "new birth of freedom" for workers to share in the decision-making and profits. Americans are now an educated elitist electorate, according to Louis Harris, the pollster, certainly capable of making their own judgments. Yet Nixon won in a landslide. Wallace, Carter, Reagan seem to have far more appeal than candidates with more liberal economic and labor stands.

Why? I suggest it is because the "capitalistic nonsense" is laced with appeals to freedom from big government, freedom from Communism and the loss of freedom it means, and last but not least, freedom of choice in education. Capitalism is at least consistent, for a job with no share in decision-making or profits is not different from a paid-up bed in a hospital with no choice of doctors or treatment. Nor is a paid-up seat in a public school with only one belief and value system.

Our experience with socialism doesn't equate with freedom (health care in the Armed Forces and what we read about the English health care). In education, freedom of choice is so important to Catholic parents, many work at dull, boring, even frustrating jobs to provide a school that reflects their own belief and value system.

At best American socialism seems myopic, at worst, schizophrenic. I don't think it could elect a dog catcher, and I'm sorry to have to say that.

(MRS.) MARY H. HIGGINS

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Steinfels (Cont.)

counterparts today; certainly they were learned and sensitive to complexity. Often they were gradualists; almost always they were prudent. Yet they retained the capacity to follow out an historical lesson, a conviction, or a principle till it led them into uncharted territory. They hesitated, they compromised, they looked toward the past for justification; but when the time came to take the decisive step, they went. They could imagine, and they could risk, a "new age." We celebrate that capacity this summer, but have we lost it ourselves?

Finally Carter represents another of our native traits, our activism. Beside everything else he has been an unrelenting and ambitious campaigner. He is temperamentally a doer, an intervener. He is politically astute enough to realize that, in the midst of troubles, what Americans demand above all is action—any action being better than none, any evidence of a decisive policy being better than drift, uncertainty, and waiting events out.

The next presidency will almost certainly be marked with crises; it will face nearly insoluble problems. One has the sense that in the realms of economic structures and cultural meaning, American society is approaching turning points. If the next presidency is a Carter presidency, the spirit in which the United States inaugurates its third century, the extent to which it keeps faith with John Winthrop's vision, will depend in large measure on these different strands in the President's make-up, and in our national character, and how they interact and clash. I will write more about that in a future column.

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